

# School Days Haze

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## 1. Set One

**A/N:** What's going on, everyone? It snowed today where I'm at. It was \_cold\_, and I possess absolutely no body heat. Joy.  
> So, these are just some random, short drabbles that aren't really connected to each other. Nor are they connected to <span>Life, Game, Dream<span>. Just a little fun, some based off things that have happened to me.  
> Also, my name for Grif's sister is Kerry in this (and everything else I write her in).<br> **Genre:** Humor/General  
> **Pairings:** I. Slight Grif/Simmons; II. Caboose/Donut, Doc/Sister; III. Church/Tucker; IV. None; V. None; VI. Sarge/Church  
> **Rating:** PG-13/T  
> **Summary:** High School: The Oddest Frontier.  
> **Warnings:** Cursing, slash, het, slight violence, flirting, making-out, mentions and hints of sex.

School Days Haze  
> (Set One)<p>

(I)

"Have you ever thought, Grif, that your grades are low because you don't do the work?" Dick Simmons asked the other seventeen-year-old. Said brunette shrugged his shoulders off-handedly, busy doodling on the worksheet they had been given.

"You ever think, Simmons, that I don't care?" he countered.

Simmons rolled his green eyes at the stubborn boy. Done with his own paper, he placed it neatly into a folder, which he then put into his book bag. He then took out a thick novel and opened it up to the sixteenth chapter. He could still see the Grif in his peripheral vision.

Grif, meanwhile, seemed disinterested in the other boy's doings. Secretly, however, he watched Simmons watch him from the corner of his eye as his hand kept on moving.

In the back of their minds they realized how they watched each other, that the other knew. It staid like that until the bell rang about ten minutes later.

As the rest of the class began to gather their things and leave the classroom, Simmons watched Grif finish his drawing. It was of a Bunsen burner exploding.

"That wouldn't happen unless you were doing something extraordinarily wrong and dangerous," Simmons told him.

"This is America, damn it; I can use my chemistry however I want."

Green eyes rolled again as the darker haired teen got up. Grif picked up his things and followed him out.

(II)

Franklin Delano Donut came to the edge of the diving board. He sucked in his breath before jumping off, tucking his legs underneath him. Baby blue eyes closing upon impact with the water, he went under.

The boy's heart pounded like a prisoner desperate to be released from a small, cramped cell. He pushed the panic down, however, as he pushed himself up. His blonde head soon resurfaced.

Donut rubbed the chlorine off his eyes and beamed at the only other person in the school pool that early: Kerry Grif. She smiled back at him, swimming over to the boy.

"You're really getting' better at this," she told him congratulatory.

"Thanks, Ker. Oh!" he exclaimed suddenly, looking past the brunette. "Here comes Caboose and Doc."

Kerry turned and saw said boys walking over on the side of the pool closest to her and Donut. Both groups waved at each other and the ones in the pool made their way over to the side.

When the boys reached the swimmers, Doc crouched down near Kerry while Caboose climbed in next to the blonde.

"What's up, Doc?" the girl asked, easing closer to him slyly.

"Nothing much," he replied. "How's Donut's swimming lessons coming along?"

Motioning to the boys currently making-out in the water she told him, "Great. Caboose is in charge of the next step."

"What's that?"

"Underwater sex."

"I'm sure he'll pass."

(III)

Donut and Kerry had dirt on Grif and Simmons, and used it as blackmail to get them to help paint the set for the school play. In turn, they had dirt on Tucker and Church, using it to blackmail them into painting the set instead.

Tucker and Church didn't have dirt on anyone.

"This is all your fuckin' fault, Tucker," Church growled, dipping his brush into the purple paint.

The mocha skinned teen put his roller at the top and brought it down, leaving a streak of wet paint in its wake. He let out a bored sigh as he repeated his actions.

"Man, this sucks. I had things to do, you know."

"Like what? Play Halo 3 on Legendary?"

"Already beat Legendary twice," Tucker told him. "I was gonna go Christmas shopping."

"For who?" Church asked, applying another coat to the almost dry part of the wall. Why the hell Donut wanted the wall purple was beyond him.

"You," Tucker replied simply. He grinned at how Church's dark blue eyes lit up with curiosity.

"What're you goin' to get me?" he asked eagerly, ever the selfish bastard Tucker, somehow, loved.

"New handcuffs. Because, you know, we broke the last pair."

(IV)

"Pull my hair one more time and see if I don't come back there, Andy," Tex dared her younger brother.

When she turned back around in the front seat, the sixteen-year-old reached over and pulled her hair again.

"Okay, that's it you sunuvabitch!" Tex exclaimed, climbing into the backseat.

As she wrapped her hands around his neck and began choking Andy, Tucker scooted out of the way. He just watched in amusement. Church, meanwhile, glanced at the scene through his rear-view mirror.

"Goddamn it, if I get into a crash before school, I'm making sure the backseat gets crushed under a semi or something," he promised. No one listened to him.

"If I didn't love this care so much, I'd purposefully get rear-ended," Church grumbled to himself. His hands clenched the wheel so tightly that they could leave permanent indentions.

"Owâ€¦Shit, Texâ€¦fuckin'â€¦hurts," Andy rasped, trying to pry his sister's fingers from around his neck.

"That's the point."

(V)

"What do I have to do to prove I'm bi?" Simmons demanded, green eyes narrowed in frustration.

"Get a girlfriend," Donut told him.

"I've \_had\_girlfriends before," he pointed out.

"That you actually\_like\_-like," the blonde specified.

"And that you don't turn lesbian," Grif added.

"You fuckin' cockbites. Why is it so hard to believe?"

"Because you're gay," Kerry answered simply as she took a bite out of her salad. The others nodded and made sounds of agreement.

"Goddamn it," Simmons cursed, burying his head in his hands.

(VI)

Tex paced the school dressing room, torn between anger, amusement, jealousy, and who-knows-what-else. From the couch, Donut and Kerry watched her with mounting interest that could only intensify the longer she kept silent about what was on her mind.

Eventually Donut asked, "What's wrong, Tex?"

"Yeah, what's up? You can tell us anything, even if you sorta hate us. But you hate everyone, so that's okay."

The older girl stopped pacing, opting instead to glare at the reflections in the large mirror. "Church finally had the balls to cheat on me," she told them.

"With who?"

"Sarge." Their mouths dropped in shock. After a minute, they regained coherent thought process.

"I knew he wasn't completely straight!" Donut exclaimed with a wide grin on his face.

"Told you almost everyone is bi. Except you and Simmons," Kerry told the boy.

Over where she stood, Tex clenched her jaw hard enough she swore she heard a cracking sound. That might have just been her sanity,

though.

## 2. Set Two

**\*\*A/N: \*\***This is the seventh's post. Sorry I didn't put it up yesterday. I had to go over to my abuelo's, where there isn't any internet access. Also, I ended up spending the night, so I didn't get home that early; it's fuckin' snowing and hailing real bad over here. Hopefully the power won't go out this year. Hopefully.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>Humor/General

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Doc/Sister; II. None; III. None, but can be taken as Donut/Grif/Simmons in a way; IV. (One-sided?)

Grif/Simmons; V. Tucker/Church; VI. Grif/Donut

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Cursing, hickeys, slash, het, hair dye, babies, permanent markers, and the fluff the cold can produce.

School Days Haze

> (Set Two)<p>

(I)

"Grif," Kerry whined, grabbing her older brother's arm. "Don't kill Doc; it's just a hickey."

The boy looked incredulously at her. From the corner of his hazel eyes he could still see the offending purplish mark in his sister's neck; it seemed to protrude out, taunting him.

\_He touched your sister. He touched your sister. He touched your sister.\_

Shaking the imagined hickey's mantra out of his head, he concentrated on setting a reprimanding look on Kerry.

"You're way too young to be messing around with boys."

"But Grif, I'm sixteen now. Besides, you mess around all the time," she pointed out.

"Doesn't matter-no boys." His tone left no room for argument.

Sulking, the girl let go of his arm and crossed her own over her chest. She swirled around on her heels, refusing to look at Grif anymore.

"You're so mean. I wanna be a slut, too."

"Well, too bad, because I'm not gonna letâ€|youâ€|What?"

Huffing, the girl stomped off without another word to her brother. Grif could only blink at the spot where she had been.

(II)

"Donut, your hair isâ€|" Simmons began, unable to continue as he

stared at the younger boy.

"Pink," Grif finished for him. "Your hair is fuckin' bubblegum pink."

"I know. Pretty awesome, huh?" the once-blonde asked the other boys.

Simmons, still speechless, could only shake his head slowly in exasperation. Grif, meanwhile, turned to the freckled teen, eyes glazed over in deep thought and mouth in a smirk.

"Hey, Dickâ€¦!"

"Grif, it worries me when you use my first name," Simmons told him warily.

"Let me dye your hair," the brunette requested.

"Hell no!" he was quick to answer, taking an automatic step back.

"Ah, come on-I'll make it red."

"Knowing you it'll be a very \_light\_ red," he muttered.

"Scout's honor that it'll be dark red," Grif promised, holding up his fingers in the "peace" sign.

"Hold on, I thought you got kicked out of boy scouts because you refused to do anything," Donut spoke up.

"That's not the point."

"The answer's no, regardless," Simmons told him with finality. Grif still pestered him about it for the rest of the day.

(III)

"Let's name him Buddy," Donut said, holding the infant dummy as if it were real.

"It's fake; why would you even bother naming it?" Simmons asked. The other two ignored him.

"That's a crappy name. How 'bout Jerry?" Grif suggested.

"Ew. I hate 'j' names," the blonde complained. "I'm sticking with Buddy."

"Hell no; no kid of mine is bein' called Buddy."

"It's better than Jerry!"

"Buddy's a name for uncreative parents."

"Fine!" Donut exclaimed. "Then let's name him Randy."

"Why the hell would you name our kid after Sarge? Let's call him Paul," Grif threw out.

"Too Common."

"James."

"No 'j' names," Donut reminded. The brunette rolled his hazel eyes.

"Whatever. How's Liam?"

"Ooh, I like that." He looked down at the dummy, peaking next in a high-pitched baby-voice. "Do you wanna be called Liam?"

"I'm surrounded by maniacs," Simmons muttered to himself, hand over his face. As Donut went on cooing to the thing, he swore he could feel his first headache of the day starting to form.

"How do you like Liam for our kid, Simmons?" the blonde asked after a minute, deciding to include him.

"I don't fuckin' care. Just hurry up before class ends; I don't want to be around either of you for longer than I need to be."

(IV)

"Grif." No response. "\_Grif."\_ Still nothing. "Damn it, boy, pay attention!" Sarge barked at his student.

The boy in question blinked out of his daydream to look at the man. Lazily he mumbled smartly, "Huh?" Sarge narrowed his eyes at the boy.

"Boy, when I'm tryin' ta explain somethin' to ya, what th' hell're ya thinkin' 'bout?" he questioned.

"How good your nephew looks in those shorts," Grif replied, eyes trained on Dick Simmons not too far off.

Sarge could only stare at him, jaw agape and speechless; Grif smirked. That reaction was so worth the literal hell he was going to be put through when the man regained his senses.

(V)

It was Church's fault for falling asleep in class. If he hadn't, Kerry, Donut, and Tex would never had gotten the chance to write all over his face with permanent marker.

When he woke up, Church had no idea what they had done. He suspected something was up, of course, what with the constant giggles and chuckles from those three and the strange looks and whispers from everyone else in the class. Hell, even the substitute had raised an eyebrow (she didn't bother saying anything, though).

"Okay, what the hell's going on?" he demanded.

"Church, stop being paranoid," Tex said, writing an answer down on her assignment.

The boy eyed her, knowing something had to be up. He turned to the snickering Donut and Kerry.

"Okay, bastards, what did you do?" His words only caused them to break out into full-blown laughter that left them breathless and unable to give a reply.

Before the boy could question them further, the bell rang. Eyes still on the trio, they gathered up their things and left the classroom. Outside, Tucker came over to them, Sheila and Caboose close behind. He stopped and smirked at Church.

"Wow, Church, I never knew how much you cared," the mocha skinned boy said.

"Okay, what the fuck did you three \_do \_to me?" Church demanded once again. The ones in question didn't answer him, so Sheila finally handed him her compact mirror.

Holding it up to his face, Church went through several emotions: flabbergastation, anger, then homicidal urges.

Written all over his face were the words, "I Love Tucker" repeatedly. Then, on his forehead, one of them had put, "Tucker Bow-Chicka-Bow-Wow's me every night."

"Oh, you fuckin' assholes."

(VI)

Donut loved the snow but, being so small, had no body heat to keep him from freezing. He wore a wool hat, matching mittens, a thick rainbow colored scarf, heavy coat, and snow boots. Still he shook from the bitter winder chill.

"I c-c-can't believe y-your c-c-c-car br-broke," the blonde managed to get out, teeth chattering uncontrollably.

"Fuckin' hunk of shit metal," Grif cursed, kicking the broken down vehicle.

He turned to the blonde, about to suggest they start walking home because he knew Simmons wouldn't come pick them up. He noticed how bad Donut was shaking, however, and decided against it. Instead he ordered, "Get in the back."

Donut did, though it didn't much help as the car just as cold on the inside. Grif climbed in after him, shutting the door with a loud thud.

Grif let out an annoyed breath and, seeing how cold the smaller boy seemed to be, pulled him closer. Gratefully, Donut snuggled into the older boy's warmth, baby blue eyes closing instantly.

### 3. Set Three

**\*\*A/N: \*\***This set is a bit more serious and less on the joyful side, because high school life has a darker side, as well.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>General/Drama



> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Slight Donut/Grif; II. Slight Grif/Simmons; III. Simmons/Sarge; IV. None; V. Slight Tucker/Church; VI. Simmons/Donut  
> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T  
> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.  
> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Mothers, cursing, slash, het, talk of the military, hints of homophobia, and seriousness.

School Days Haze  
> (Set Three)<p>

(I)

Donut looked out of the window eagerly, watching the snow fall. To him, the white flakes dancing in the air were much more important than his teacher's droning.

Through the window's reflection he saw the new student, Dexter Grif, gazing outside with awe written all over his face for anyone to plainly see.

Turning to him Donut asked, "Have you ever seen snow before?"

The other boy tore his hazel eyes away from the spectacle only separated from the inside world by two inches of glass. He answered the blonde, "No, not really. I'm from Hawaii."

"It's pretty, huh?"

Grif looked away from the other boy and shrugged, noncommittal. "Whatever," he mumbled.

Donut frowned at his sudden change in disposition. After trying to strike up another conversation, the attempts all failing, the blonde turned back to the window. A minute passed, and eventually Donut caught Grif's reflection watching the snow and him.

(II)

Dexter Grif and Dick Simmons were in the former's room, doing nothing in particular. They had been studying for an upcoming test, but quickly lost interest. Usually a good student, Simmons couldn't help but shirk his duties every once in a while.

From where he lay on the floor Simmons suddenly asked, "What are you doing after high school?" Grif shrugged casually.

"No idea. You?"

"I might join the military," the other boy answered, green eyes finding the rug very interesting.

Grif's head instantly turned to him, look on his face clearly screaming that he thought Simmons had lost his final marble.

"Why?" Now Simmons shrugged.

"It's just an option I've been considering. I'd be able to get money for college," he said. Grif gazed back up at the ceiling.

"Whatever works for you," he mumbled. A long minute of silence stretched out into a lifetime before Simmons spoke up.

"Haven't you ever thought about joining the military?" He looked up and over at the brunette expectedly, almost hopefully.

"Yeah, because I'm so military-material," he snorted.  
"Please."

"Just a question," Simmons told him defensively. Again it was quiet. Grif broke it this time, voice low and soft.

"If you become a military dog, you'll get killed in some war you don't know why anyone's fighting."

"If you don't do anything with your life, then you'll amount to nothing."

Another beat of silence passed. Then:

"Mindless sheep."

"Hippie."

(III)

Simmons handed the older teen a washcloth, which Sarge held up to his bleeding nose. With him laying across the couch in exhaustion, Simmons chose to stand awkwardly; his green eyes were fixed on the wall behind the red head that seemed more appealing than normal.

"Good news is tha' it ain't broken," Sarge panted.

He eased himself into a sitting position, careful not to put another bruise on his already pained body. Sarge looked over at the younger boy, not bothering to shield his concern.

"How're ya feelin'?" Simmons looked at him incredulously.

"Me? You're the one who was just in a fight," he reminded.

"Eh," Sarge waved off. "Nuthin' ta it. 'Sides, yer th' one who had ta listen' ta th' lil bastard."

At this, Simmons turned away. It was a minute before he gulped and answered.

"Itâ€|he didn't bother me. I'm fine." He turned back and gave the older boy a feeble smile. "Really." Sarge narrowed his eyes in doubt.

"I'll, umâ€|I'll go get you something for that black eye," Simmons told him, unable to stand the scrutinizing gaze. He left the room, and Sarge watched him retreat without another word. He let out a tired, defeated sigh.

Sarge blamed himself; Simmons wouldn't have to deal with everyone if he had never asked him out, and if Simmons hadn't agreed.

(IV)

The phone rang twice before Kerry picked it up. Only vaguely paying attention, she pushed the "start" button on the microwave. "This is the Grif residence," she said, watching the popcorn bag go around eagerly.

"Kerry, it's me," the woman on the other line said. The girl almost dropped the phone in shock.

"M-momâ€|?" Kerry whispered in disbelief.

"I can't talk long. I just wanted to call and tell you merry Christmas," the woman went on hurriedly, ignoring or simply not noticing her daughter's surprise. It was a minute before Kerry could find her voice again.

"Itâ€|" She took a deep, shaky breath. "It's been ten years."

"I know, Kerry. I would have called sooner, but I've been busy," she told the girl.

\_Busy. \_The word kept on playing in her head. Her mother had been too \_busy \_for almost ten years. Too \_busy \_to call, send a letter, care for her own kids.

Still, the little child in Kerry cried out in joy to hear her mother again. The little girl in her desperately wanted to cling onto the little hope her mother's voice brought, however bittersweet.

"I've missed you, mom," she said, voice small and insignificant.

"Well, I've gotta go now. Say hello to your brother for me."

"Goodbye, mom. I lo-" The dial tone interrupted her.

Kerry just stood there for what seemed a long time. The microwave eventually went off, signaling that her popcorn was done. Slowly, she hung up the phone and took the hot bag out, not bothering to be careful with it.

When Grif came home, he found her on the couch, now-cold popcorn untouched and spilling out onto the modest coffee table. He rushed over immediately, and she buried her head into the crook of his neck. All she could do was shake her head and sob; Grif stroked her hair gently and tried to sooth her.

It was just like when their mother had left all over again.

(V)

Leonard Church scowled, arms crossed tightly over his chest. He leaned back in the hard, uncomfortable chair next to his friend's bed. Tucker watched him in concern.

"So, why'd she kick you out this time?"

"I'm a fuckin' failure of a son for a hell of a lot of reasons," Church answered spitefully. He looked straight ahead, not meeting Tucker's dark eyes. "Mostly, though, it's because I fuck guys."

Tucker let out a long breath, yet didn't make any reply; incidents like this had happened too often for him \_not \_to know when to keep his mouth shut.

Silence descended over the room like a heavy and scratchy wool blanket they couldn't get out of, no matter how hard they struggled. It was a while before either spoke again, pulling a corner of the cover off.

"I'm fuckin' awesome, damn it," the smaller boy announced. There was a rueful smirk on his swollen lips.

"Yeah," Tucker agreed. He picked up his game controllers and tossed one to Church. They played mindless video games the whole night through, not showing up for school in the morning.

(VI)

"Soâ€|" Donut began as eh sat down next to Simmons. It took him a minute before continuing with, "You're about to go off to college. How's it feel?"

The younger boy tried to put up a brave front, an obviously forced smile on his face. Simmons could see right through him, however.

"We'll be thousands of miles away in less than two months," he reminded. Donut physically faltered.

"Well, then, we're just gonna have ta make the most of the time we have left!"

Simmons turned to the younger boy with a sad sigh. As gently as he could he asked, "Do you honestly think a long distance relationship is going to work, Donut?"

"Damn it, Simmons!" the blonde exclaimed, close to hysterics. "Stop being so pessimistic." His blue eyes shut and he took several deep breaths to try and calm himself down.

"Yeah, you're right," Simmons muttered half-heartedly. He looked away from his boyfriend; Donut didn't say anything else.

#### 4. Set Four

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Lots of pairings in this one. Enjoy, folks.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Donut/Caboose; II. None; III. None; IV. Threesome of Caboose/Church/Tucker; V. Church/Tucker, Church/Tex, Church/Caboose, Church/Grif, Mentioned Donut/Caboose, Sarge/Tex, Sarge/Caboose, Simmons/Grif, Sarge/Grif Donut/Grif; VI. Grif/Simmons, Church/Simmons

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, mushy-cheesy fluffy love, cheating, multiple partners, allusions to sex, talk about sex, handcuffs, cursing, slut-talk again, and pain. Lots of pain.

School Days Haze

> (Set Four)<p>

(I)

Donut, head on Caboose's lap, gazed up at him with love-sick-puppy-eyes. The other boy looked right back, goofy grin on his face.

"You know what I love more than chocolate?" the blonde asked him.

"Wha's that?"

"You." Donut lifted his head and kissed the sandy brunette on the lips.

"You know what I love more 'an chicken soup an' chocolate cupcakes?" the older boy asked in turn.

"What?"

"You!" Caboose lowered his head and kissed the smaller boy's lips.

Next to the couple, Leonard Church scowled. They had been going at it like that for the past hour; hell, they'd been doing mushy-gooey-love shit since they'd gotten together a week ago.

Fuck, it made Church sick to his stomach.

Tucker, sitting on the floor at Church's legs, was too engrossed in the senseless T.V. violence to really be bothered by the young couple. The fact that Tucker didn't seem to mind just pissed Church off in a whole new fashion.

"I love you more," Donut said.

"Uh-uh. I love you more," Caboose argued. They rubbed their noses together, giggling like elementary school children with their first crush.

"Excuse me while I go vomit," Church muttered in disgust as he got up.

(II)

"Donut's the most likely of us to get pregnant before graduation," Grif announced to the group.

"What! Would not," said boy protested.

"Dude, you're sorta a slut," Tucker told him. "Not that anything's wrong with that."

"You would know," Church, next to him, muttered.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"Please, Tucker; you're the biggest male slut of this school."

"Who's the biggest girl-slut?" Kerry asked curiously.

"It's a tie between you, Tex, and Donut," he replied.

"Sweet!" the two underclassmen exclaimed in unison, high-fiving each other.

Grif's eye twitched, but he had long ago given up trying to say anything to his sister. Mostly because she had threatened to cut off his balls if he chased away any more of her boyfriends. He happened to like those.

Tex, meanwhile, glared sharp, threatening daggers at her ex. Voice dripping venom she asked, "Why am I \_tied as a slut?"\_

"Don't worry; you're a bit ahead of them," Church assured.

When the heavy history textbook smashed into the back of his head, no one could really say they were surprised.

(III)

"Not to question your judgment, Sarge, but shouldn't we just go get the key?" Simmons suggested, slightly worried.

"Nonsense, Simmons; ya need ta take risks in life," the older boy told him.

"Yes, but this seems like an unnecessary one."

Simmons sighed as the red head, unsurprisingly, ignored him. The younger boy was sure things were not going to end well. At least he was a fast runner, used to going to get Doc, the school nurse, quickly.

Sarge stood a yard away from the locked equipment shed. He was a man at the ready, body tense and one shoulder thrust forward like an international spy in some old, cheaply made movie full of plot holes and inconsistencies who was about to hit a door open and reach his goal.

And that's just what the teen did.

Sarge took his running charge at the door, letting loose something akin to an ancient and guttural battle cry. His one-hundred-and-thirty-some pounds collided with the wooden door, and Simmons swore he heard a crack. As the older boy ricochet to the ground, however, he saw the door remained unharmed.

"Sarge, are you alright?"

"'M fine, Simmons. Just stand back-Ah'm gonna try again."

"Butâ€¦|\_why\_?"

"It's th' principle of th' whole thing. Now, help me up. Ah think there's a splinter in mah eye."

(IV)

Church grabbed his left wrist, mindful of the half-of-a-pair-of-handcuffs. As he shut his locker door, he saw Kerry and Donut coming over.

The two were dressed identically: short pink skirt, yellow tank top, white shoes, rainbow colored knee-length socks, matching bracelets, and even similar black purses. Both even wore their hair in high pony tails.

Some lucky guy was going to get his twin-fantasy fulfilled; Church would bet money on it being either Sarge or Simmons.

"Uh, hey, guys," Church greeted.

"Hey, Church."

"What's up?"

Both underclassmen saw his wrist and noticed the handcuff he wore there instantly.

"Hey, Caboose is wearing a handcuff, too," Kerry noted.

"Is that what you two are doing for Twin Day?" Donut asked naively.

"Er, yeah. Yeah, that's it," Church lied. Yeah, it totally had nothing to do with the fact that Tucker lost the key last night and they had to break them. Not a thing.

(V)

The trio watched Church, not too far away, make-out with Tucker.

"Wow, look at them go at it. Bet they're really kinky in the sack," Donut mused. Sarge and Simmons ignored the comment.

The two broke off and Tucker, giving a quick goodbye, hurried to his class. Church started to make his way over to the group, but was suddenly pushed against the nearby lockers by Tex. As she pinned him in place, the girl pressed their lips together hard.

"Tex is extremely more forceful than Tucker," Simmons noted. The other two nodded.

"She's probably violent in bed," Donut said. Next to him, Sarge nodded.

"She is."

The other two didn't have enough time to question that as their attention was drawn back to Tex and Church. The former let the boy go

and she left, but not before first squeezing his backside.

Smirking widely, Church again started to saunter over to the trio. He stopped again, however, when he bumped into Caboose.

The younger boy enveloped him in a bear hug. When he released Church, they began to make-out, as well. It was considerably gentler and sloppier this time.

"What?" Simmons asked. "Nothing about what Caboose is sure to be like during sex?"

"Oh, I already know what he's like," the blonde waved off. Simmons pinched the bridge of his nose as if that would eradicate all the images that had popped into his mind from that simple sentence.

"Don't look like that, Simmons. Hell, even \_Ah \_know wha' Caboose is like," Sarge told him. Simmons was considering bleach for lunch.

Caboose left, same as the others, and Church made his third attempt to get over to the group. This time he was stopped when Grif came up behind him.

The taller boy spun him around, kissed him once on the lips, and then proceeded to nibble on his ear. He apparently said something, because Church nodded his head agreeably, something one could really only get him to do in similar situations.

"Yeah, we all already know what Grif likes," the blonde boy said, disappointed at a lack of way to continue with the game. The other two nodded, unable to say they didn't.

A beat passed before Simmons said, "So, when they all find out about each other, they're going to \_kill\_ Church."

"If he's lucky," Donut said.

"Tex'll rip his manhood clean off," Sarge imagined.

"I think Grif already knows, though, doesn't he?"

"He just doesn't care," the blonde confirmed.

"He'll pretend he didn't know," Sarge speculated.

"Oh, probably."

"If the others find out \_he \_knew, he'd be dead meat, too."

"Isn't it dishonest if \_we\_ don't tell them?" Simmons questioned.

"Hey, it's not our business," Donut answered. "Besides, I wanna see how long this lasts."

(VI)

Church stripped off his gym clothes and replaced them with a regular



plain t-shirt and faded jeans. Next to him, Grif did the same, yelling at Simmons to hurry his ass up.

Said boy shouted back out from the shower stall he was quickly dressing in, "Go fuck yourself!"

"Why, when I have you?" the brunette asked with a smirk.

Church let out a laugh when a thrown shoe crashed into the back of Grif's head.

"Mother, son of a, fucker, bitch!" he cursed, rubbing the spot where he'd been hit.

"You deserved it," Simmons told him, walking into the locker room.

Church turned to the boy as he went to his other side and opened the locker. He, for some odd reason, couldn't keep his eyes off Simmons. Suddenly, without any idea of what he was doing, Church pounced at Simmons and pinned him down. The younger boy resisted at first, but his struggles soon subsided when he found Church's lips pressed against his own.

"I don't know what pisses me off more- the fact that you're making-out with my boyfriend, and he's \_enjoying \_it, or that I'm really turned on right now."

## 5. Set Five

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Yo. I swear, tomorrow I'll have something other than these high school drabbles.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Tex/Church, Tucker/Church; II. Grif/Simmons; III. None; IV. Andy/Gary; V. None; VI. Tucker and Church admiring Donut and Kerry

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, cursing, mentions of sex, brothers walking in, Sheila's what-can-only-be-described-as-a gaydar, condemns, Brokeback Mountain references, and lolitas.

School Days Haze

> (Set Five)<p>

(I)

"Tucker, are you fuckin' payin' attention?" Tex demanded.

The boy shook his head, trying to break out of his daydream. He blinked rapidly at Tex, who went on talking.

"So, now are you going to start paying attention, dumbass? I fuckin' swear, everyone around here is useless, but you, by far, are the most incompetent one."

"I'm sorry; could you repeat all of that, Tex?" Tucker requested with a smirk. "I was too busy imagining your boyfriend naked."

It was totally worth a busted lip to see that, brief, speechless expression on the girl's face. He wondered how she'd react if he ever told her that he had had more sex with Church than she ever did.

(II)

"Grif, I'm never having sex with you again," Simmons told the boy as said brunette sat down next to him.

"Oh, come on, Simmons. Are you still pissed about Sarge walking in on us? It happens to almost everyone at some point or another," he tried to reason.

"No, I understand that. What I'm pissed at is that you \_asked my \_\_\*\*brother\*\*\_\_ to join!" \_Simmons exclaimed, face red with anger and pent up rage ready to burst out.

"I was joking?" Grif tried feebly. Green eyes slowly turned to him, narrowed dangerously; Grif gulped.

He was never going to get to tap Simmons ass ever again.

(III)

Sarge was instructing him on how to do something, or calling him pathetic and lazy, or threatening him, or saying something else; Grif didn't know. Nor did he really care.

Interrupting the man mid-rant he asked, "Sir, were you ever in the Vietnamese war?"

Everyone else on the sidelines quieted down instantly, looking back and forth between the two incredulously. Simmons gave a loud, exasperated sigh as he covered his freckled face with a hand.

"Boy, jus' how old do ya think Ah am?"

"Um, I don't know. When was the Vietnamese war?" Grif asked in turn.

There was a groan from Simmons, a poorly muffled laugh from Donut, while Sarge simply glared at the clueless teen.

"What? I'm not a history buff."

"Grif," Simmons spoke up. "You're not an anything buff. So, just shut up."

(IV)

"What the fuck are you two doing in my room?" Tex growled.

The younger boys in question turned slowly to the now-open door where Andy's older sister stood; they both had twin looks like that of children caught eating sweets before supper.

"Hey, you're home early," Andy noted. "This is just like Church's goddamn luck."

"What. Are. You. Doing?" the girl demanded again, voice snippier this time.

"Er, looking for condemns," Gary admitted, hoping she wouldn't kill them.

"Why would I have those? I'm a virgin."

The room grew quiet for a minute, the boys staring wordlessly at her as she returned the gaze.

"Yeah, okay, bullshit," Tex said, going over to her closet and taking out a box of latex condoms. She removed a few and tossed them at the boys who fumbled with the things once they had them.

"There ya go, hope you're not allergic. Now get the fuck out before I cut those things off before you can finally lose your virginities and have an awkward moment afterwards."

(V)

"My dad found out that I was gay," Donut told Grif.

"Wait, he \_just\_realized?Dude, your dad is pretty fuckin' oblivious."

"Well, it's not like I stand in front of him sucking my boyfriend off."

"I'm sure Caboose would love that," the older boy mumbled. "But, seriously, it's not a hard thing to realize."

Grif saw Sheila and called the girl over to prove his point.

"Sheila, how gay does Donut look?" he asked the girl.

"He does not appear to be all that happy at this moment," was her analysis.

"I mean, the other gay," Grif elaborated.

"Oh, then extremely gay," she replied.

"See?"

"Grif, go suck a-" Donut began.

"Hey, Simmons!" Grif called out, interrupting the pouting blonde. The freckled teen came over.

"What?"

"Sheila, how gay does Simmons look?"

"Hm. Somewhat gay," she said.

"I'm bi," Simmons told them.

"Poor guy's still in denial," Grif said in derisive melancholy.

"That's it; I quit you, Grif."

"Please; if the guy from Brokeback Mountain couldn't quit, neither can you."

"Someone tell me why I still talk to any of you."

(VI)

"So, why the hell are Donut and Kerry covered in fake blood and wearing something that looks like a very sexy maid outfit?" Tucker asked. "Not that I'm complaining."

"In their Drama class or whatever, they're dressing up in costumes. Or something, don't know," Church replied. "They said they're dressed up like lolitas, whatever the hell those are."

"I want a lolita."

"You don't even know what that is."

"So?" Tucker asked. "With something that hot, does it matter?"

Suddenly, Tucker and Church spied Donut's books falling out of his hands. Both he and Kerry bent over to pick the items up.

"I want one, too," Church agreed.

## 6. Set Six

**\*\*A/N: \*\***And this is Thursday's. I don't have one for today, but I'll post two things tomorrow.

> Also, I don't apologize for the sixth one even though it's totallyâ€¦|disturbing. Just know that it is based on a true happening (to someone else, not me).<br> **\*\*Genre: \*\***General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Tucker/Church; II. Grif/Donut; III. Grif/Donut; IV. Donut/Church; V. Sister/Doc; VI. None

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, cursing, cold, allusions to sex, mentions of sex, horrible priest jokes, bets, and hot sauce.

School Days Haze

> (Set Six)<p>

(I)

Church looked out the window and cringed; ice and snow covered the ground. It was going to be \_cold.\_

"Okay, found the keys!" Tucker announced triumphantly.

"About damn time," Church muttered. Bracing himself, he followed the other boy out to his car.

Oh, it was cold. So very, very cold. Church was sure his blood had frozen instantly.

He went to the passenger side and waited for Tucker to open the door. Huddling into his hoodie, he watched Tucker struggled with his own door.

"Wh-what the hell's th-the matter?" Church questioned, whole body shaking.

"I think the fuckin' car door is frozen shut," Tucker explained, hitting the roof. "Fuck."

Jack Frost had just bent Church over and violated him like a priest does to his favorite choir boy.

He was either going to hell for that thought, or he was getting reincarnated \_as \_a choir boy.

"Then get it unstuck," Church demanded.

"What am I, a fuckin' genie?" the other boy asked. "Yes, Church; I shall say a few magic words- Allah-Buddha-mother-fuckin'-Jesus- and presto!" He threw his arms up in the air. "Now all I have to do is turn the key and-oohâ€|."

"What?"

"I guess the door was actually, um, locked and not stuck after all," Tucker told him. "Imagine that." He gave a feeble chuckle.

Church, mouth agape, stared at him in disbelief. Dropping his book bag into the forsaken snow, he went over to Tucker, backing the other teen up against the car.

"You son. Of. A. Bitch," he hissed. "You made me wait out here and freeze for nothing?"

"Um, oops?" Heh heh hehâ€|"

Though still shaking from a mixture of cold and anger, Church managed to open the back door and push Tucker inside and onto his back. In an instant he was straddling the darker boy, door closed behind him.

"I want warmth, your body will do," Church said as he began to undress Tucker.

"Works for me."

Who cared if they were late for school?

(II)

"Grif, put a scarf on," Simmons instructed as he tied his own around his neck.

"Yes, mother," the brunette muttered. Green eyes narrowed at him, yet Simmons didn't make a remark back.

Grif grabbed his orange scarf and put it around his neck as Donut came in from the other room.

"Everyone ready to go Christmas shopping?" the blonde asked cheerfully. Grif gave a grunt.

"Just about. Sarge is trying to find his boot-which I know you hid, Donut," Simmons told him.

"I didn't hide it, I just reorganized his closet," the younger boy defended with an indignant huff.

"Whatever. I still don't see why we're going together if we're buying each other gifts."

"Like any of us use real logic," Grif snorted with an eye roll. Simmons ignored him while Donut noticed something.

"Grif, that's not how you tie a scarf."

"What?"

"Here, let me do it for you."

"No, Donut, I can handle-yeah, you're not listening," he sighed.

Donut took off the orange scarf much to Grif's chagrin. The smaller boy wrapped it around the brunette's neck twice before tucking it in.

"Happy?" the brunette asked with a scowl.

"No," Donut replied as he took the scarf off again and repeated the process. Grif let out a heavy sigh while Simmons smirked at him.

"Is this really necess-"

"Yes."

"Damn it."

Still not satisfied, the blonde boy retied the scarf another six times before Grif finally stopped him.

"Yeah, okay, it's fine."

"No it's not," Donut whined. "Do you wanna catch a cold?"

"If it will make you stop adjusting my fucking scarf, then yes," the brunette replied. Donut glared at him.

"When you do get sick, I'm not taking care of you."

"Yeah, you still will."

"You're right," Donut admitted, reaching up and kissing the other boy.

Sarge came down the stairs at that moment, both boots on his feet. He

took one look at Grif and said, "Tha's not how ya tie a scarf."

"That's it; screw you guys-I hope I get hypothermia," Grif said before stomping out to the car.

"An early Christmas present."

(III)

Donut loved the winter time. He just hated the dark and, as such, freaked out considerably when the power went out. Luckily, his boyfriend was there to comfort him.

"You're a fuckin' baby, Donut."

Or, rather, mock him.

"Grif, shut up!" the blonde yelled, clinging onto his arm. Though he couldn't see it, he was sure Grif rolled his hazel eyes.

"Nothing bad's gonna happen in the dark," the brunette assured.

"Insane killer, dolls coming to life, zombiesâ€|" the hysteric teen rattle off. Grif stopped him.

"Okay, yeah. But the chances of any of that stuff happening is slim. Except maybe zombies. You know what has a high chance of happening, though?" Grif asked.

"Huh?"

"Us having sex," the older teen told him. Donut gave a snort.

"After the comments you made, you're not getting any tonight." Grif cursed underneath his breath.

A few minutes passed, with the only noise coming from outside. There was the howl of the wind, large piles of snow falling, and scrapings at the windows. Donut scooted closer to his boyfriend and clutched his arm tighter.

Suddenly, Donut felt something lightly brush up against his leg. He jumped into Grif's lap and let out a scream of terror. The blonde buried his head into the older boy's chest.

"What the hell?" Grif asked.

"S-something touched my leg," Donut whispered with a shudder.

"It was probably just a spider," Grif told him.

Donut let out another shriek, huddling into his boyfriend. It wasn't long before the something brushed against his leg again.

"Oh, god, oh god, oh god," the boy whimpered, more scared at the prospect of a spider than an insane clown doll coming back from the dead or something of the sorts.

"Don't worry, I'm sure the spider will go away soon," Grif said, biting his bottom lip; it was the only way to stifle his laughter.

"It's touching me, Grif," Donut said. "I don't like spiders. Oh, I really don't like spiders. They should all get stuck in their own nasty webs and-"

He was cut off mid-rant as the lights flickered back on. Donut looked down at his leg, only to see Grif tickling him with a feather.

"Shit."

"Grif, you jerk!" Donut yelled, getting off of the boy and hitting him. "You're not getting any for a hell of a long time!"

(IV)

"Donut, I bet you can't go four months without sex," Grif said.

"What? I so can," the younger boy protested.

"Then prove it," Grif challenged. "I'll bet you fifty bucks you can't go four months without sex."

"Fine, I accept. I won't have sex for four whole months. I can so do it."

"You'll crack in the first week," he predicted.

"Screw you, Grif."

"Exactly."

"Oh, you jerk," the blonde huffed.

Church chose that moment to stroll over. He sat down next to Donut, tilting the blonde's head and kissing him. When they broke off, Church whispered something into his ear.

First, Donut winked at his boyfriend, licking his lips. Then, when he remembered the bet he'd just made, he banged his head down on the table, letting out a large moan. Church, meanwhile, raised an eyebrow and looked questioning at Grif.

"Why do I have the feeling this is something I'm not gonna like?" Grif smirked in response.

"Don't worry, Donut'll lose for sure. He's probably already considering giving up now."

"Screw you," the boy in question mumbled.

"See?"

(V)



Kerry sat down across from her brother. Looking over at Doc and Donut, who seemed deep in discussion, she asked, "What are they talking about?"

"Yoga positions," Grif answered. A beat passed. Then, "You know your boyfriend's gay, right?"

"Doc's straight," the girl protested.

"What straight guy talks about yoga? Especially to Donut."

"Him."

"I still say he's gay," Grif told her.

"Do you want me to prove he's straight?"

"Go ah-wait, what?"

"Nothing. Now stop saying Doc's gay," Kerry ordered.

"I call 'em like I see 'em," Grif defended. She pouted at the boy.

"You always do this, Grif," she whined. "Not every boy I date is gay."

"You dated Simmons once," he reminded.

"I said not \_every\_boy."

"Still think he's gay," Grif muttered.

"Gif, what gay guy likes it when a girl goes down-"

"Whoa! Stop right there," Grif ordered. "You have not been doing&#124;\_adult \_things with any boy!"

"Huh? Alls I was gonna say was 'goes down and helps him out of his running shoes.'"

"&#124;Really?"

"Sure."

"Okay then." Grif ignored the fact that it didn't make any sense.

(VI)

"Church, you know when you're eating hot sauce and it stays on your hands?" Tucker asked the black haired teen.

"Yeah."

"And you know how it can burn like hell if it gets into certain places?" he went on.

"&#124;Yeah?"

"Have you ever eaten hot sauce, then started to touch yourself?"

"No. No, Tucker, I haven't," Church answered. Hoping it was a moot point, he went back to his book.

"Oh. Well, it really fuckin' bur-"

"I don't want this conversation to continue," Church interrupted.

"Alright, alright. I'm just sayin', always wash your hands before master-"

"Tucker!" Church yelled. "Why don't you either shut up, or go tell all this to Caboose or someone who cares?"

"Fine, geeze." Tucker left to go find the other boy.

Ten minutes later when Caboose came over to talk about hot sauce, Church was pretty sure he was going to pop a blood vessel.

## 7. Set Seven

**\*\*A/N:** **\*\*Now** this one was Friday's. I had a lot of fun with these; two is somewhat based on an actual conversation. Make that conversations.

> Oh, and forgive the slight lateness. More later.<br> **\*\*Genre:**  
**\*\*General/Humor**

> **<strong>Pairings:** **<strong>**I. Donut/Simmons; II. Sister and Donut checking out everyone; III. Tex/Church, Caboose/Sarge/Donut, Grif/Simmons, Lopez/Sheila, and Doc/Sister; IV. Donut/Church, Grif/Tucker; V. Donut/Caboose; VI. Lopez/Sheila, Tucker/Church, Grif/Simmons

> **<strong>Rating:** **<strong>**PG-13/T

> **<strong>Summary:** **<strong>**High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> **<strong>Warnings:** **<strong>**Slash, het, cursing, allusions to sex and other sexual activities, mentions of sex and the such, checking out eye candy, making-out, groping, Candyland, innuendo, and elephants.

School Days Haze

> (Set Seven)<p>

(I)

"How old are you again, Donut?" Simmons asked.

"Sixteen," the younger boy replied.

"And what game are you begging me to play?"

"'Candyland. ' "

"Right. Just checking."

"So, wanna play? Please?" Donut batted his long eyelashes. Simmons sighed heavily, rolling his green eyes.

"That game is for four-year-olds. You're in \_high school\_," he told the hopeful boy.

"The box says 'four and up'. I'm higher than four," the blonde countered.

"You're high something," Simmons muttered. To Donut he said, "I'm not playing a child's game."

"First person to win gets to top tonight and can screw the other whatever way he wants," he told the older boy enticingly.

"I call red."

(II)

"So here we are, both single again," Donut commented.

"Boys at this school suck," Kerry muttered.

"Hey, look on the bright side-at least now we can have all the one night stands we want. Without our morals and conscious getting in the way, I mean."

"You're right," Kerry agreed, smile back on her face as per usual. "Who would you do?"

Donut looked around the hallway, considering all the guys he saw. Damn, he'd already had a few of them-and they were no prize.

Finally the boy said, "Ooh, I'd do Church, definitely."

"Naw; he's too moody for me."

"But look at his ass in those jeans." Kerry tilted her head as the boy in question turned around, giving them a perfect view.

"You're right. That's an A-plus ass," she agreed.

"Told ya."

While they were still admiring Church's assets, Tucker came over to the dark haired boy. He leaned against the lockers casually, adamantly telling the other boy something.

"Now there's a guy I'd like a little taste of," Kerry said, licking her watermelon lip-gloss covered lips.

"Totally. What about a threesome with him and Church?" Donut suggested.

"I think that's what people call 'Heaven on Earth'."

"Mm-hm."

When those two walked off somewhere, much to Donut and Kerry's disappointment, they went back to scouring the hallway. Soon, they spotted Caboose following a disgruntled Sarge, apparently rambling on about some inane thing.

"I'd tap Sarge's ass," Kerry admitted.

"Who wouldn't? Just look at those finely tuned abs, saucy red hair—Am I drooling?" he asked, blue eyes still on the older boy.

"Probably. God, I think I am, too."

"What about Caboose?" Kerry considered it for a minute.

"Mm, maybe. Another threesome thing with him and Sarge."

"That'd be hot."

"\_Really \_hot."

Those two escaped their line of view, so the Juniors looked around for more eye candy. They spotted Tex arguing with Wyoming not too far off.

"I'd do Wyoming if he had a muzzle on," Donut said.

"Kinky," Kerry commented. "How 'bout Tex? She's scary hot."

"Well, she's almost masculine enough for me," he replied unsurely. "Maybe, if I was drunk enough."

"I'd do her. How big ya think her strap-on is?"

"We should ask Church." The girl nodded and they both laughed.

Their eyes once more swept over the hallway, both pairs instantly landing on Doc; he had just come from P.E. and hadn't had time to switch out of his gym shorts.

"Would you—"

"Yes. One thousand times yes. Once, twice, three times, and more," the girl told him fervently.

"He has the hottest legs ever for a guy," Donut noted. The brunette mumbled something incoherent.

Doc raced passed them with a quick greeting and farewell said in one breath. The duo looked around again, after Kerry snapped out of it, eyes falling on a lone Simmons.

"How about Simmons? I wouldn't mind hitting that a few times," Donut said.

"Super nerd? Our freckles would clash," Kerry told him.

"True. But, hey, that's why they're called one night stands."

"Yeah, if the lights were out. He'd probably call out Grif's name, though," she imagined, "and that's sorta creepy."

"I'd do Grif in a heartbeat. In fact, I wouldn't mind being fuckbuddies with him."

"I could never do Grif."

"Really? Why not?" Donut asked. Thinking about it he said, "Never mind; that's probably for the best."

"Yeah, I'm not into the whole incest thing."

"Still, your brother's pretty damn hot." Kerry nodded in agreement.

(III)

Walking around high school hallways when you were single sort of sucked. Or maybe that was just for Tucker.

The teen slammed his locker door shut and turned to where Tex was currently ravishing Church. Awesome. Oh, and the girl's hands were groping every inch of his bet friend. Even better.

Mumbling a goodbye, and getting a half-hearted wave in return, Tucker started for the cafeteria. Walking down the hall, he passed Sarge-with Caboose and Donut on either side, latching onto him. The lucky bastard had two boyfriends, and Tucker really, really hated that.

He quickly left the trio behind after giving as reply to their greetings. He reached their usual lunch table, only to see that Grif had pushed Simmons up against the nearby pillar. His tongue was licking the smaller teen's earlobe, causing him to mewl like a kitten.

Without being noticed, Tucker dropped his things on a chair and decided he'd be back when those two were done. Hopefully by then everyone else wouldn't be practically screwing each other, too.

As Tucker walked over to get lunch, Sheila and Lopez, holding hands, almost bumped into him. The girl quickly apologized before the couple turned back to each other with love-sick eyes.

Even those two had someone. This was really pissing Tucker off.

It was when he spotted Kerry making-out with Doc, her hands under his shirt and his hands grasping her hips, that Tucker decided that high school really sucked. Like, really, really badly.

(IV)

"I blame Donut," Grif mumbled. Sitting next to him, Tucker nodded.

"And Church."

The teens in question, sitting in front of the two, looked at each other, then at them.

"Why us?" Donut whispered.

"Because you two getting caught got us caught," Grif replied.

"Not our fault you dumbasses couldn't find a good make-out spot," Church told them.

"What about you guys?" Tucker pointed out. "Who are the real dumbasses if \_you\_got caught first?"

"That's because Church moaned too loud," Donut replied, causing his boyfriend's face to redden slightly.

"Hey, you're the one who had to unbutton my shirt and start playing with my ni-"

"You didn't stop me," the blonde pointed out with a smirk.

"Never said I didn't like it." He turned back to Grif and Tucker. "Besides, you guys weren't being quiet yourselves."

"Try having Grif half-naked on top of you and let's see if you can keep quiet for very long," Tucker challenged.

"Hey, I could have put something in your mouth so you \_couldn't \_make any noise."

"Dude, we were almost there. If the damn teacher hadn't opened the door," he griped.

"Ooh!" Donut exclaimed suddenly. "I just thought of the perfect place where we'd never get caught."

"If you're talking about the drama department dressing rooms, then we've already beat you to it," Grif told him.

"No, we've used that plenty of times."

"Is it the place where the art supplies are kept?" Tucker guessed. "'Cause me an' Grif tried that before, and we ended up with clay stuck to us."

"How?" Church asked incredulously. "Wait, I don't really want to know."

"We were pretty rough."

"I just said I didn't want to know."

"No, that's not it," the blonde said. "It's-"

"Remember, we've already tired behind the bleachers," Church interrupted.

"Let me finish, cripes!" Donut snapped. "Horny boys talk too much. Now, what I was gonna say, was the sound booth in the auditorium. I have access to the keys and, with the lights off, windows closed, and if we aren't \_too\_ loud, no one will suspect."

"We should try that out tomorrow," Church suggested eagerly. Donut winked seductively at him.

"This is detention, you four; no talking!" the teacher yelled.

(V)

Donut took the pink highlighter and uncapped it. His hand went under the desk and he began to draw on Caboose's pants. The other boy watched him curiously.

"Whatcha doin'?" he asked. Donut glanced up at him.

"Making your pants pretty," he replied simply, smiling widely at the brunette.

"Okay."

The older boy didn't seem to mind so Donut continued without even needing to use his ultra-powerful puppy-eyes.

After a while, Donut accidentally dropped the highlighter on the floor. He reached down towards it, one hand keeping balance by gripping Caboose thigh, which made him jump. The blonde's head was on the other boy's lap.

"So, does anyone know the answer?" their teacher, Ms. Pillows, asked, eyes going over the class. "Any-oh, my nonexistent god. What are you doing, Donut?" Everyone turned to look at the boy's in the back.

Donut, grasping the highlighter, brought his head back up, leaving his hand on Caboose's thigh. "Huh?" he asked cluelessly.

"I don't know if I should ask this, but \_why \_was your head under Caboose's desk?" the woman questioned, hand covering her face.

"I dropped the highlighter," he explained.

"Highlighter?"

"I was just drawing on Caboose's pants. They're little elephants. Wanna see? They're pretty awesome." Caboose nodded fervently in agreement.

"Right. I'll just take your word for that. And I'm gonna guess you have no idea what it looked like you were doing to him," she assumed.

"Huh?"

"Right. Just go back to drawing on his pants."

(VI)

"Just go ask her out already," Tucker said. "You're about as obvious as Grif and Simmons were." Lopez flipped the darker boy off.

"He's got a point," Simmons agreed. "Though, we weren't \_that\_ obvious."

"Trust me, even I saw it," Church told him.

"Look who's talking mister

I-go-out-with-Tex-so-I-totally-can't-fantasize-about-my-best-friend," Grif snorted.

"Go to hell."

"Pendejos," Lopez muttered as the others began to argue.

He watched the other side of the room, where Sheila sat. She was letting Donut and Kerry braid her long, dark hair while Tex stood by making snide and snarky remarks the others were all used to. Just looking at Sheila made the boy flush and his heart flutter.

"You know, I could ask her out for you," Tucker offered, throwing an arm over Lopez's shoulders.

"That's childish," Simmons noted.

"Hey, it's not like you had enough balls to ask Grif out," Church reminded.

"Simmons just takes the submissive role in our relationship," Grif told them with a smirk. He let out a hiss of pain when said boy punched him hard on the arm.

"What was that, Grif?"

"Nothing. Fuck." The brunette rubbed the assaulted area. "Did you have to hit so hard?"

"What? Not submissive enough for you?" Simmons asked. Church snickered, earning him a glare from hazel eyes.

"Fuck off, Church. You're the one who got drunk and tried to serenade Tucker."

"Okay, shut the hell up about that, asshole," Church seethed.

"Heh. That was actually kinda cute," Tucker told him; he caused his boyfriend to blush, which he did a poor job of hiding.

Lopez, ignoring them, went back to watching Sheila. She was giggling pleasantly at something one of the other girls (he considered Donut in that category) had said. Oh, his knees were going weak.

"Listen, Lopez, all you have to say to Sheila is--"

"Tucker, please. Your romance skills are severely lacking," Church interjected. The mocha skinned boy glared at him.

"Good boyfriends aren't assholes," he mumbled. "Besides, it's not like you know how to woo a person."

"As long as Grif doesn't give any advice, then everything will be fine," Simmons said.

"Hey!"

"You didn't exactly sweep me off my feet," he admitted.

"Neither did you. You just sorta pushed me on my back," Grif



countered. Simmons grew a very deep shade of red.

Lopez, meanwhile, kept his eyes trained on Sheila; the others were giving him no help, only a headache.

## 8. Set Eight

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Return of Church slut, everyone. Almost didn't get this up, but I made it. Now I have no time for anything else I was planning to do. Oh, well. There's always tomorrow.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Church/Sarge, Church/Tucker, Sarge/Tucker, Sarge/Simmons, Simmons/Tucker; II. Just the boys fantasizing about Donut and Kerry; III. Grif/Simmons; IV. Grif/Donut; V. None; VI. Church/Grif/Donut/Caboose

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, cursing, mentions of a lot of sex, slight talk of nudity, children, cookies, whipped cream, cheating, bitchiness, teenage perverseness, and Halloween costumes.

School Days Haze

> (Set Eight)<p>

(I)

Donut and Kerry knew Church was usually always in a sour mood, but they could tell that today something more was troubling him. He sat on the couch, glaring at what he could see of his reflection in the large make-up mirror. The two underclassmen stood behind him, curiosity and concern painted on their faces.

"Aww, what's wrong, Church?" Kerry asked.

"You were in a pretty good mood yesterday; what happened?"

"You know how I broke up with Tex?" the boy in question spoke up. They nodded, well aware of the fact. "It was because I sorta fucked Sarge."

Donut and Kerry, in all good etiquette, let out faux twin gasps; they hid their knowing smiles behind their hands.

"Yeah, I finally cheated on her after all those times she did the same to me. So, then me an' Sarge started going out," Church continued. "At the same time Tucker and I started going out, too."

This time the duo didn't have to fake their surprise. They leaned in closer to the older boy, eager for more.

"See, they didn't know about each other at first. Then they found out and, well, I'm single again and probably not gonna get laid for a long time. And you know how this situation is really funny?" Church asked them bitterly.

"How?" they chimed in unison.

"I caught them screwing each other."

Kerry and Donut shared a look of amusement, while simultaneously patting Church's back in comfort. After a second, something occurred to the blonde.

"Wait, wasn't Sarge dating Simmons?"

"Yep," Church confirmed. "Here's where the really fun part comes in. Simmons found out about me an' Sarge, but not Sarge and Tucker. First, he got real pissed at Sarge and was almost in tears as he yelled his lungs out. Then he punched me."

"That explains the black eye," Kerry mused.

"So now, Simmons is too pissed to talk to either Sarge or me, \_and\_ he's dating Tucker," Church finished.

"Wow. You guys have an interesting lust life," Kerry commented.

"Watch, by the end of the year they'll all have fucked each other," Donut predicted, rolling his baby blue eyes.

"Man, can't we get in on the action?"

"Hey, maybe I can catch Sarge on the rebound!" Donut exclaimed. "Of course, you can join in for a threesome."

"Best offer I've had all day," Kerry said.

"Thanks for listening," Church muttered dryly. "You really know how to give a guy support."

(II)

"Hey, Donut!" Kerry exclaimed, rushing over to the lunch table. "I just thought of the perfect Halloween costume for us."

"What's that?" the boy questioned.

"Is it belly dancers?" Tucker asked hopefully.

"No, they should be cat girls," Church suggested. Simmons rolled his eyes.

"You two are so immature."

"You probably just want them to dress up as cyborg sex-slaves or something," Tucker snorted. The boys fell silent for a second, considering that.

"Cyborgs sound goodâ€|" Church mumbled. Simmons could only cross his legs.

"Guys, stop trying to get Donut and Kerry in scantily clad costumes," Doc reprimanded.

"Bet you wouldn't mind if they were two hot, short-skirt wearing nurses, eh Doc?" Tucker asked slyly; the other boy gulped at the

thought, turning bright red. Like Simmons before him, his legs crossed.

"For your information, you're all wrong," Kerry huffed. "We're gonna be harpies."

"Ooh, that's an awesome idea!" Donut exclaimed eagerly.

"Wait, I thought harpies didn't wear anything," Tucker wondered.

"Right," the girl confirmed.

"Hey, are you guys alright?" the blonde asked.

"Yeah, you're all really red alls-of-a-sudden."

"H-how long until Halloween, again?" Church asked.

"Eleven months," Simmons answered.

"Damn."

(III)

"Give us an 'R'! Give us an 'E'! Give us-" Donut and Kerry cheered in unison.

"Give me an 'S', 'T', 'F', and 'U'," Grif interjected from where he sat on the couch. The two cheerleaders, pom-poms still raised, turned their heads and glared at the older boy.

"Grif, can't you let us practice in peace?" Donut requested.

"Could you guys do that somewhere else?" the brunette countered.

"No," was the double reply.

"Exactly."

Pouting, Kerry looked pleadingly at Simmons. Batting her eyelashes she begged, "Can't you make Grif shut up? He actually listens to you." Donut snorted.

"That's only 'cause if he doesn't then Grif doesn't get any sex," the blonde mumbled, crossing his arms over his chest.

Ignoring the comment he told her, "I sort of agree with him. Why can't you do this outside? We're trying to study here."

"Bullshit, you guys just want us to leave so you can make-out," Donut accused. Grif rolled his eyes.

"Please, if that's what we were gonna do then we wouldn't bother waiting for you guys to get lost." Simmons looked at him.

"Grif, I would never make-out with you in front of your \_sister."

"He'd cajole you into it," Kerry interjected. The boy sighed; she was probably right.

"Besides," Grif went on, "how much do you guys really need to practice? Not like cheering is that hard."

"Yes it is," Donut was quick to contradict.

"Yeah, Grif. I'd like to see you do a summersault."

"Hey, I'm pretty damn versatile," the brunette told them. "Right, Simmons?"

Covering his face with a hand, Simmons groaned.

"Well, other than that, we need to constantly be coming up with really creative cheers," Donut said.

"Nothing to it," Grif said, getting up.

"Let's see you try it, then," the blonde challenged, handing the older boy his pom-poms.

"Gladly."

Grif took them and motioned for the two to get out of his way. Pom-poms raised in the air, he began to chant:

"One, two, three, four-whose ass do we adore? Simmons'!"

Said boy looked incredulously at his grinning boyfriend, mouth agape. Donut and Kerry giggled.

"I must have some luck, because every night that's the ass I get to fuh-"

"Grif!"

(IV)

"Why are we doing this?" Grif asked for the umpteenth time in the last twenty minutes. "Why am I doing this?"

"Because you love me," Donut told him, draping a leg over his boyfriend's lap.

"Right. And the real answer is?"

"Because you love sex."

"Ah, there we go."

"Come on, Dex, this is good practice. What if we get married one day and adopt a kid or two? At least we'll have some experience," the blonde tried.

"I hate kids," the brunette grumbled crossly.

Before more could be said on the matter, there was a cry from upstairs. Both teens' heads instantly turned to see a little

four-year-old girl come running down the stairs, rubbing at her eyes. Quickly, Donut got up and went over to her, gathering the girl in his arms.

"Sh," he soothed, patting her hair down. "What happened?"

"Mikey hit me!" the girl wailed, burying her head in his chest.

"It's okay, Emily. Don't worry. I'll go take care of him. Why don't you stay down here with Grif?"

"O-okay," she sniffled.

Donut went back over to the couch and handed the girl to Grif. Reluctantly, he took Emily and set her in his lap. The blonde then went upstairs, calling her brother's name.

The girl watched Donut disappear. When he was completely out of site, she began to giggle. Grif looked down at her incredulously.

"What the hell?"

"I hit him first," she explained with a grin. "Can I have uh cookie?"

"Iâ€¦I don't know," the boy replied, genuinely unsure. "I mean, you're supposed to reward kids for bein' smart, right?"

"Uh-huh, she eagerly agreed.

"On the other hand, you're evil." Emily shrugged. "And I think I'm supposed to punish the kids when they're bad, right?"

"I know what you could do."

"Huh?"

"Send me ta bed wi'out dinner, but give me lotsa cookies right now," she suggested.

"You know, my sister was definitely not like you."

"I \_could \_tell mistah Donut tha' you said a bad word," she hinted.

"Please, what's the worstâ€¦?" Grif thought for a moment. "Which 'bad word'?"

"It starts wi' uh 'fuh' sound."

"What kind of cookies do you like, kid?"

"Oreos!"

"Not a bad choice, kid, not a bad choice."

(V)

Donut turned to Simmons suddenly. "Am I bitchy?" he asked.

The older boy pinched the bridge of his nose; it was the fourth time Donut had asked him that question during seminar alone.

"Say yes!" Grif told him, sitting on the blonde's other side.

"Shut up, Grif! I am not," he said, hitting the brunette on the chest. "Simmons, am I bitchy?"

"You two really do make me question whether or not God cares about me," he muttered.

"See? That's a yes."

"Stop it, Grif!" Donut whined. "Am I really bitchy? I don't think I'm bitchy."

"You are," Grif told him again. Donut smacked his arm.

Simmons sighed heavily and closed his notebook; he wasn't going to get anything done that seminar.

"Pleas tell me if you think I'm bitchy, Simmons," the blonde almost begged him. Finally, Simmons snapped.

"You know what? Fine, Donut, you're bitch. You're bitchy, Grif's an asshole, and both of you are annoying cockbites."

"Really?" Donut gasped while Grif laughed.

"Whatever, just leave me alone."

"Oh, now I feel bad," the blonde lamented. "Starting right now, I'm gonna be nice to everyone!"

"Even me?" Grif asked.

"Everyone except you."

Sarge chose that moment to open the door and step into the classroom. Holding up his pass for the teacher to see he said, "Ah was in th' weights room."

"Like I care," Pillows waved off, flipping a page in her book. She looked up when she heard something heavy fall.

Sarge had dropped his textbook out of shock when Donut suddenly sprung up and thrown his arms around him. Now, the boy hugged him tightly.

"Donut, what're ya doin'?" Sarge demanded.

"I'm trying to be less bitchy," he explained. He looked up at the redhead, nose wrinkling. "You need to shave."

"Donut," Pillows sighed, hand going up to her own face. "Just sit down."

Over at the table, Grif was crying from laughing so hard. Simmons on the other hand was once more pinching the bridge of his nose as

though in great pain.

"As annoying as we may be, Simmons, you can't deny that at least we're entertaining," Grif told him when he had calmed down a bit.

"Grif, shut up."

(VI)

"What's wrong with you?" Simmons asked, coming up to Grif.

"Donut's flirting with Caboose," the brunette growled.

"So? You two broke up," Simmons reminded.

"I know." Grif slammed his locker door shut, narrowed hazel eyes trained on the small blonde.

Out of the corner of his eye, Donut spotted Grif watching him. Smirking, he steered Caboose closer to his ex until he was sure they could be easily overheard.

"Here, my IM is pink-underscore-frosting," Donut wrote down for him, making sure to flutter his eyelashes.

"Son of a bitch," Grif muttered, turning his back to the two.

"I'll be on tonight," the blonde told Caboose. "Be sure to message me." Caboose nodded fervently, gaze trailing down to Donut's extremely short skirt.

"Hey, Simmons," Grif said loudly. "Remember last week how we celebrated me bein' single again by getting drunk with Church and Tucker?"

"You mean how you drowned your sorrows and insecurities in alcohol?" Simmons corrected.

"Well, me an' Church decided that we were gonna hook up, and we had a quickie in the kitchen. That's where we disappeared to," Grif continued.

Donut barred his teeth and narrowed his baby blue eyes. He forced himself to smile suggestively at Caboose and throw him a wink.

"Maybe you could come over to my place today and spend the night." He made sure to speak with in a sultry tone he knew the other boy couldn't resist.

Grif clenched his hands into tight fists at his side. Trying to sound as convincing as he could he told the slightly amused Simmons, "Church, by the way, is one kinky fucker. There was this tub of whipped cream in the fridge-

"Hey, Caboose, maybe we could skip next hour together," Donut suggested with a trace of his frustration creeping into his voice. "I know this great place we wouldn't be caught, no matter \_what \_we were doing."

"Anyways," Grif went on, unconsciously speaking louder. "I was planning on hitting up Church again tonight."

"Grif, I really don't want to hear this," Simmons muttered.

"Oh, Caboose, has anyone every told you that you have huge biceps?" Donut practically swooned, hands on said body parts of the older boy. "No fat whatsoever to show that you're a lazy jerk."

"Um, thank you?"

"I swear, Church has, like, the hottest ass I've ever seen!" Grif exclaimed, complete with hand motions; he was practically yelling now. "I can't wait to tap that thing again."

"Maybe I can watch you workout one of these days," Donut told him, volume matching Grif's. "I could help you stretch."

"You know, I think I should have a threesome with Church and Tucker. It'd be the best sex of my life!" Grif mused. Simmons was pinching the bridge of his nose, head down.

"People are lookingâ€¦" he tried in vain.

"I bet I could give you the best workout you, or anyone else for that matter, has ever had," the blonde seethed. "I'm pretty damn flexible!"

Unable to handle it any longer, the two spun to face each other angrily. For a second, they could only stare at the other with all the hate and fury they could manage. Then:

"Fuck you, Donut!"

"Go to hell, Grif!"

With that they stormed off in opposite directions. Simmons and Caboose, meanwhile, turned to each other slowly.

"Well, I feel used," the older boy mumbled. Caboose nodded, unable to speak.

## 9. Set Nine

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Hey, everyone. I think I enjoy making Church a cheating bastard a little too much.

> **<strong>**Genre: **<strong>**General/Humor

> **<strong>**Pairings: **<strong>**I. Grif/Donut; II. Grif/Donut, mentioned Church/Donut/Tucker, Grif/Simmons; III. Simmons/Church, mentioned Church/Donut, Simmons/Grif, Church/Grif, Simmons/Sarge, Church/Caboose, Simmons/Tucker, Church/Tex; IV. Donut/Church, Church/Tex, Grif/Donut; V. Donut/Church, Grif/Simmons; VI. Mentioned Simmons/Donut, Sister/Doc, Church/Caboose, Tex/Sarge, Tucker/Grif

> **<strong>**Rating: **<strong>**PG-13/T

> **<strong>**Summary: **<strong>**High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> **<strong>**Warnings: **<strong>**Slash, het, cursing, allusions to sex and sexual activities, mentions of sex, mentions of alcohol and cigarettes, making-out, cats, crazy killers, and zombies.



School Days Haze

> (Set Nine)<p>

(I)

When you loved someone, you had to make sacrifices. Grif knew that well. He had given up drinking completely (almost) and only smoked a pack of cigarettes every two weeks (as far as Donut knew). Grif could not, however, tolerate Donut's stupid cat.

"Play nice now, you two," the blonde chided as he started for the stairs. "I just need to grab my bag; be right back."

Grif leaned against the doorframe while the black cat, O'Malley, sat in front of the boy, staring up at him. Grif looked way, arms crossed stubbornly.

After a minute he muttered, "I hate you."

O'Malley hissed, lunging at Grif. The boy tried to get out of the way, yet only succeeded on tripping on the rug. He fell down on his back, and O'Malley took the opportunity to jump triumphantly onto his chest; the bell on his collar jingled.

"I really don't like you, cat," Grif told the, what seemed to be almost snickering, animal. He gritted his teeth as O'Malley dug his claws into Grif's skin.

"Ow! Oh, you son of a bitch!"

O'Malley took off as Grif got to his feet and started chasing him. The cat ran up the stairs, human close behind.

Not paying attention to where the cat was going, Grif suddenly saw a familiar pair of sandaled feet, left one tapping impatiently. As Grif slowly looked up, O'Malley darted in between aforementioned legs.

"Er, hi, Donut," Grif chuckled.

"What were you doing to my poor kitty cat?" the peeved blonde demanded.

"Hey, the bastard scratched me!" Grif defended. Donut rolled his eyes.

"Grif, he was probably just playing."

"Bullshit."

Ignoring him, Donut bent down and picked O'Malley up. Petting the cat he said, "Weren't you just playin' with Grif?" O'Malley gave a meow. "Just be more careful with him next time, alright?" Here he shot a condescending look the brunette's way. "Grif's just a big baby."

"Oh, sure, take his side," the older boy grumbled crossly. Donut rolled his eyes again.

"Whatever, Grif. Let's go."

O'Malley still in his hands, the blonde walked past him and started down the stairs. Grif followed, eyes glaring at the cat who, in turn, seemed to smirk back at the boy.

(II)

"Miss Pillows, I need boy advice," Donut said, sitting on the edge of his teacher's desk. The woman just looked up at him.

"Kid, I'm a literature teacher; I prefer books over people."

"But I don't know what to do," the boy whined.

Sighing she said, "Fine, whatcha need?"

"Well," the boy started, fiddling with a strand of hair, "there's this cute guy, right?"

"Uh-huh. Obviously; it's not like you would ever be interested in girls."

"Exactly. And yet my dad still doesn't know. Anyways, let's say me an' Tucker- I mean, \_this guy\_, were fooling around one day in the back of the art supply room."

"Okayâ€¦"

"Then, let's say the guy's boyfriend walked in," Donut went on. Pillows brought a hand up to her face.

"Right. Continue."

"Let's then just say that \_somehow \_you ended up between Tucker and Ch\_- these two guys\_, and you, um, do you know what alpine skiing is? The sexual term, I mean?" he questioned unsurely. She let out a long breath before looking up at him.

"Yes, Donut. No need to say more on that part," she replied.

"Okay, well, let's also say that \_your \_boyfriend had cheated on you with Sim-\_someone, \_so you got a, you know, freebie."

"Donut, what's the question in all this?" Pillows asked, desperate to cut to the chase.

"Since he only cheated on me with one guy, and I did stuff with two, are we even or not?" the blonde finished.

"Donut, I don't know. Why don't you go write to 'Dear Abby?' the woman suggested tiredly.

"Okay. Thanks anyway, Miss Pillows," the teen said, getting down from her desk.

"I'll be honest, that wasn't what I was initially expecting," she admitted.

"Is it ever with us?"

"No, and that's what keeps it interesting, I suppose," she mused. "Also, you get more action in one day than I have this past month."

"I could hook you up," he offered.

"Please, Donut, no jailbait."

(III)

"Church, something just occurred to me," Simmons said.

"Huh?"

"Last week, the only sex we had was make-up sex." The older boy thought for a minute.

"You're right. Wow. Why were you pissed Monday?" he asked.

"You ogled Donut," Simmons reminded dryly.

"It was a new mini-skirt," he defended. Simmons just rolled his green eyes.

"Hey, you're the one who made-out with Grif on Tuesday," Church pointed out.

"And you did the same on Wednesday," the other boy countered.

"Well, you blew me off on Thursday to spend time with Sarge."

"We just talked!" Simmons denied.

"So you say," Church scoffed. "If it were me, I know we would have screwed."

"On Friday you were practically ravishing Caboose. On. My. Locker," Simmons hissed through clenched teeth.

"Hey, don't forget who was messin' around with Tucker Saturday night," Church reminded, seething.

"Don't forget who screwed Tex yesterday," Simmons threw back.

For a minute they glared at each other, anger setting in. Then they both turned, crossing their arms in a similar fashion. After a while, Church spoke again.

"Fuck I'm pissed."

"Same here."

A beat. They turned back to each other.

"Make-up sex?"

"Make-up sex."

"Sound booth okay?"

"Can you lock the door from the inside?"

"Yeah."

"Then, yes, the sound booth's okay."

(IV)

"See you later, babe," Church said after breaking off the kiss.

"Love ya!" Donut called out as the older boy left in the opposite direction. Grif watched Church go up to Tex when the blonde's back was turned. He looked away when they began to make-out.

"So," Grif drawled, having about him an air of indifference. "Church is completely faithful?"

"Yep," Donut replied as the two reached the stairs. Starting down them he told the brunette, "Church and me are really in love."

The older boy's head tilted, eyes watching his companions swaying hips. "Right?" Grif mumbled. "You're delusional."

"Is that because of your whole true-love-is-bullshit theory?"

"Yeah, sure," he lied.

"You'll find yours one day, Grif," Donut told him with confidence. "Then guess who'll be right?"

Grif suspected it wouldn't be the guy whose boyfriend cheated on him literally right behind his back. He didn't say this aloud, however, and they walked the rest of the way to the library in silence. They went into the back rooms, to where the large rolls of paper were.

"Let's get the pink," Donut said.

"Hell no. we're getting orange."

"But that's not as pretty," he whined. Grif rolled his eyes.

"Fine, if it'll shut you up."

"Thanks, Grif," Donut beamed. The brunette just took out the scissors. As they began to cut the twelve six-by-six pieces they needed, Grif couldn't help questioning Donut's love life further.

"So things are goin' good?"

"Mm-hm. His ex, Tex, hates me, though."

"Maybe because she's not his ex," Grif muttered.

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

They were silent again, finishing the job their teacher had sent them to do. Grif ended up carrying the paper all the way back to class, Donut leading the way. The older boy found himself concentrating more on the blonde's back than where he was going (he ended up running into several walls, an open door, and a row of lockers).

When they reached their classroom, before Donut opened the door for Grif, he told the other boy, "Church loves me. And if he's lying, then he won't have the equipment to cheat on anyone ever again."

"Ow."

"People shouldn't fuck with cheerleaders. And Grif?"

"Huh?"

"You're about to hit that-"

"Son of a bitch!"

"Trashcan. You need to be more observant."

"Shut up, Donut."

(V)

"Alls I'm sayin' is that you an' Grif have communication problems," Donut told the other boy.

"How?" Simmons questioned.

"Let's see. Well, for starters, you guys make-out or have sex instead of talking to each other."

"What? No we don't," Simmons argued.

"Uh-huh."

"Name a time," he challenged.

Before Donut could prove himself, Church came up behind him, grabbing his pig-tails and pulling his head backwards. "Hey, babe," he greeted, then shoved his tongue down the blonde's throat.

"Or ignore me to get ravished by Church. Right, \_that \_really makes your point solid."

It was a long minute until they broke the kiss off, Church sliding in next to his boyfriend. Grinning, Donut asked, "What were we talking about?"

"How you and Church always make-out or have sex instead of talking to each other," Simmons supplied.

"Hey, no. Me an' Church always talk. Right honey?"

"Yeah," Church agreed.

"Maybe pillow talk, but does that count?" Simmons asked with a smirk.

"Go to hell," Donut huffed. "We communicate better than you and Grif."

Said boy chose that moment to walk up to the lunch table, sitting next to Simmons.

"Hey," the freckled teen greeted. "How did you do on your finals so far?"

As soon as the sentence left his mouth, Grif pressed their lips together, hard. As the brunette ran his hands over his back and the smaller boy moaned, Donut and Church watched in amusement.

"Did I ask you something?" Simmons questioned in a daze when the kiss was over. Grif shrugged.

"No idea."

"Thank you, Grif," Donut said.

"For what?"

"Provin' my point."

(VI)

"We're stranded in the middle of nowhere at night with a flat tire, and only a little bit of cellphone juice left," Grif evaluated. "I'm gonna laugh when an insane serial killer just happens by."

"Dude, what if zombies come after us?" Tucker asked, sitting on top of his car's hood.

"We'd be fucked." Tucker nodded.

"So, is there anyone we haven't tried?" the darker boy asked after a beat.

"Let's see, I tried Donut already, and his mom said she was out with Simmons. Which means they'll be having sex all night won't answer their phones."

"Damn; they're useless, then. Church answered and cussed me out," he told the brunette. "Then Caboose stole the phone and started rambling on about something, I don't know what. Church took it back after a minute, yelling about needing to shove something in Caboose's mouth to make him shut up."

"\_That's \_why you said 'bow-chicka-bow-wow' before hanging up," Grif realized.

"Yeah. If a crazy killer or zombies don't get me first, Church is gonna throttle me."

"I tried home, but only got the answering machine. If Kerry's with Doc, I swear I'll kill them both. Even if I'm a zombie," Grif

promised, growling protectively.

"Man, I even tried Andy," Tucker told him, leaning back on the hood and letting out a long breath. "He started fuckin' laughing."

"What about Tex? Was she there?"

"Yeah. Andy said she was out front in the back of Sarge's car."

"Damn. And Sarge hates me too much to help us," Grif muttered, sitting down next to the car.

"I can't believe we forgot to put in a car jack."

"Hey, at least we had a spare tire," Grif pointed out. "Not that it does us a lot of good."

A minute of silence passed. Then Tucker suggested, "Since we're probably gonna be killed soon or have our brains eaten, wanna have sex?"

"Sure," Grif agreed. "Everyone else is."

## 10. Set Ten

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Hey, everyone. This is for three days ago, I believe. I have something next to post up that's sort of long, and will sort of count for yesterday and today because of its length. I swear I won't fall behind again. I'll try to post up two things tomorrow.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Tucker/Church; II. Grif/Simmons, Sister/Doc; III. Church/Donut; IV. Grif/Donut/Simmons; V. Slight Church/Tucker; VI. Sister/Doc/Donut, Sister/Sarge Donut, Sister/Tucker/Donut, slight Church/Tucker

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, cursing, allusions to sex and threesomes, odd sexual innuendo, ghosts and ghost sex, ribbons, string, sluts, and the usage of the words bondage and foreplay.

School Days Haze

> (Set Ten)<p>

(I)

"Okay," Pillows said, cutting a strand of white string. "The object of the game is for you and your partner to get your string free from each other."

She tied said string around everyone's wrists like handcuffs, making sure each pair was connected. When she got to Tucker and Church, she paused.

"You two are probably used to this, huh?" she asked with an amused smirk.

"Yeah, and I'm a pro at getting out of handcuffs," Tucker told her.

Church groaned.

"Thinking before speaking, Tucker. What have I told you about that?"

"Start doing it?"

"Exactly."

Chuckling, their teacher tied the string.

"You know," Tucker said when she was done, "this would make for great foreplay." The woman paused again.

"You're right," she mused. "Well, begin your foreplay, then." She stood aside and watched her students' attempts.

"Okay," Church instructed, "just do what I say."

"See? Just like foreplay."

"Shut up, Tucker."

Church brought Tucker's string over his head, then his own over the taller boy's. He then twisted his body around so his back was pressed against Tucker's stomach.

"Do you even know what you're doing?" Tucker asked skeptically as the boy in question tried to get a leg over one of their -he didn't know which- strings.

"Yes, goddamn it, so don't break my concentration," Church snapped. Tucker, grinning, only rolled his eyes.

Ten minutes, many odd maneuvers that made no sense, and plenty of curses passed, in which the two found each other pressed front-to-front; they couldn't wiggle free.

"Congratulations, boys," Pillows said, clapping. "You two have earned the title of Bondage Kings."

"Hey, at least we won something."

"I hate you, Tucker. I hate \_string\_."

(II)

"No. Oh, no. Kerry, there's a strict no-boys-allowed-in-your-room policy, remember?"

"Grif, we're just gonna study," the girl told her older brother.

"Yeah, that's what me an' Simmons said yesterday and guess what we ended up doing."

"I know. I \_heard\_."

"For the record, I actually planned on studying," Simmons said.



"And you have no willpower, but I \_do\_," Kerry protested.

"Er, we could just study out here so Grif knows we're doing what we say," Doc suggested awkwardly.

"Don't cave in, Doc. Then Grif will never let me have\_ any \_fun."

"What's so fun about studying?" Grif questioned suspiciously. His sister just rolled her eyes.

"She's sixteen," Simmons reminded. "I think she's old enough to be in a room alone with a boy. Besides, Doc doesn't have a one track mind like \_some\_people." He looked pointedly at the older boy.

"Whatever," Grif waved off. "Fact of the matter is, no boys in your room. Unless you let me put a surveillance camera-"

"No."

"So no boys then."

"Simmons, can't you make Grif be reasonable?" Kerry begged. The freckled boy laughed.

"Please, then he wouldn't be Grif."

Ignoring them, Grif glared at Doc, causing the other boy to shift from foot-to-foot uncomfortably. Finally, Doc spoke up.

"I don't believe in pre-marital sex, if that helps," he told the brunette. Kerry looked at him like a kicked puppy denied food.

"You're a teenage guy; I'm gonna have to call bullshit on that one."

"It's true!" Doc argued. "Well, I mean, it exists, I know that. But I don't practice it. And that's fine because, you know, abstinence makes the heart grow fonder. Don't you agree?"

No one replied; Kerry let out a small whimper, her brother still glared harshly at Doc, whereas Simmons tried to hold back his laughter.

"Erm, I'd never touch her in any way she didn't want," Doc continued unsurely. "And besides, it's not like Kerry has a large, um, sex driveâ€|"

The girl covered her face with her hands to muffle a shriek. Simmons had to bite his bottom lip. Grif meanwhile, clenched his hazel eyes shut.

After a beat Grif told him, "Justâ€|just shut up and make-out with Kerry or something." Kerry looked incredulously at her older brother.

"Really?" she asked hopefully.

"As long as I don't have to listen to Doc anymore, then yeah, whatever."

"Thank you, Grif!" the girl called out as she grabbed the befuddled Doc by his arm and dragged him away.

When they were gone, Grif sat down at the table next to Simmons with an exhausted sigh. The other boy looked at him curiously. After a minute he spoke up.

"So, you realize they're upstairs right now. \_Alone\_."

"Yeah." A beat. Grif shot up in his seat. "Holy fuck, they're upstairs alone!"

"Sit down, Grif," Simmons ordered, pushing him back into the seat.

(III)

"Church, hold still," Donut requested, holding out a blue ribbon.

"Are you going to choke me with that?" the older boy asked suspiciously.

"Why does everyone ask that? 'Sides, I'm not into necrophilia."

"Fine," Church agreed, sitting still in his chair.

"Hey, what would you call sex with a zombie?" Grif asked suddenly. The others looked at him, flabbergasted.

"Grif, your Christmas present to me can be to never ask that question ever again while I'm around," Simmons told him, fingers pinching the bridge of his nose.

"S'long as I get x-mas sex," the brunette agreed. Simmons let out a heavy breath.

Giggling, Donut went up behind Church and, draping the ribbon across his shoulders, took the older boy's black hair in his hands. He gathered the hair as best he could into a pony tail; it was small, most of Church's shaggy black locks falling all over the place. Donut took the blue ribbon and tied it into a bow, keeping his new pony tail in place.

"There. Now your hair is all pretty," the blonde told him, giving Church a compact mirror so he could see as well.

"Why would you let Donut do that?" Grif questioned.

"Hey, I'll let the guy I'm fucking do whatever he wants with my hair," Church answered.

"Sex greater than dignity?"

"Always."

(IV)

Grif crept up behind Donut with a devious grin on his face. His hand darted out at the pink ribbon in blonde hair, grabbing an end of the bow. He pulled it, and it unraveled.

"Hey!" Donut exclaimed, hand shooting to where the ribbon had been. He spun around at Grif. "Give it back!" he demanded.

"Tch. No."

"Please, Grif. I had it just right," the younger boy whined.

"I know. That's why I did it."

"Oh, you jerk."

Donut lunged at the ribbon, only to have the laughing Grif hold it out of his reach. After a few minutes more of failed attempts, the younger boy took a step back, arms crossed in a pouting manner.

"Oh, I hate you, Grif."

"You're masochistic-you love me."

Donut stuck his tongue out at the older boy. He saw Simmons not too far off and rushed over to him.

"Simmons, Grif stole my ribbon!"

"What am I, your mother?"

"You're the guy who could get the hot blonde all to himself tonight if you play your cards right," Donut told him, hinting. Simmons rolled his green eyes.

"I'm not Grif-sex isn't my only motivation."

"Hey! I resent that," said boy huffed indignantly.

"Goddamn it, just give me my ribbon," Donut demanded, stomping a foot.

Smirking, Grif threw the pink ribbon at Simmons, yelling out, "Catch!"

"Give it to me, Simmons!"

"Why do I have to be in the middle of this?"

"You wouldn't have to if I had my ribbon," the blonde pointed out.

"And what if I don't give it to you?" Simmons challenged.

In answer, Donut tackled him to the ground. Straddling the startled boy, he snatched an end of the ribbon, trying to yank it out of Simmons grasp. Grif, meanwhile, couldn't help but laugh.

"Come on; just give me my ribbon," Donut said, each word punctured by

a pull on desired object.

"You're \_on top of me," \_Simmons pointed out the obvious.

"And you can be on top of me later," the younger boy promised. "Now gimme."

"Can I be worked into that equation?" Grif asked hopefully.

"You're the one who stole it to begin with!"

"So?"

"You don't get a taste of my frosting for a long time," Donut told the brunette in a huff.

"Odd sexual innuendo aside, can you get off of me now?" Simmons requested. "At least until we're not in the library?"

(V)

Church woke up, hearing a thud at his window as if something hard had hit it. He groggily opened his dark blue eyes, turning to see his alarm clock; the red numbers were laughing "3:48" at him.

There was another thud and Church got up to see what it was. As he opened the window, a small rock smacked into his forehead.

Reeling back and clutching where he'd been hit, Church exclaimed, "Shit!"

"Oops. Sorry, Church!" a disembodied voice apologized.

Church leaned out of the window and looked down for who had hit him. Tucker waved up at him.

"Son of a bitch, Tucker! I swear I'm gonna fuckin' kill you."

"Can I come up?" the mocha skinned boy asked, impervious to his friend's threats.

"Yeah, whatever. Door's unlocked," Church told him, going back inside and closing his window.

Tucker quickly went to the front of the house and ran up the porch steps. He turned the knob, opened the door, and took a step in.

"Ow!" he exclaimed when something collided with the back of his head.

Rubbing the injured spot, Tucker turned to Church incredulously. "What the hell was that for?"

"The rock."

"Oh, right. Sorry 'bout that," he apologized again. He came inside fully, closing the door behind him.

"So why the hell are you here so damn early?" Church questioned,

going to the living room and plopping down on the couch.

"Parents not home?" Tucker followed the other boy, sitting down next to him.

"Never are," he replied. "Answer the question." Tucker took a deep breath before telling him what he wanted to know.

"My mom's pregnant."

"Aren't your parents divorced?"

"Yeah, and I don't know which guy got her knocked up," Tucker added.

"Which guy? How many has she fucked lately?"

"At least ten different guys," he said off-handedly.

"Fuck," Church whistled. She had him beat. "So that's where you get it."

"Shut up, Church!"

"What? I'm just saying you're a slut."

"Do you have any right to speak?"

"Hey, I never said I wasn't one."

"Whatever, just move over," Tucker said.

"Hell no. I'm too fuckin' tired to go back upstairs; I'm sleeping here."

To reinforce his point, Church brought his legs over and laid them across Tucker's lap. He leaned back so his head was up against the arm rest and closed his eyes.

"Whatever," Tucker mumbled, trying to get as comfortable as he could.

(VI)

"It'd be awesome to come back as a ghost," Donut said.

"I'd totally haunt cute boys," Kerry agreed.

"Cute \_drama \_boys," the blonde added.

"Ooh, yeah! We should die and haunt the stage!" the girl suggested. The others at the table looked at them incredulously.

"If you're dead then you can't have sex, so that's fine by me," Grif told them.

"Hey, maybe we could have ghost sex," Kerry argued.

"How would that even work?" Simmons asked.

"In some totally\_awesome \_way," Tucker spoke up. Simmons and Church rolled their eyes.

"Tucker, just don't speak," the latter ordered.

"Hey, Donut, maybe when we're ghosts we could have a threesome with someone," Kerry suggested eagerly. "Like Doc."

"Or Sarge."

"Or me," Tucker offered. He was smacked upside the head by both Grif and Church.

"Just make sure to come alone to the stage," Kerry told him with a wink.

"Oh, I think we could get him to come," Donut said suggestively.

As they giggled, Tucker beamed, Grif growled, Church crossed his arms in a sulking manner, and Simmons just rolled his green eyes at all of them.

## 11. Set Eleven

**\*\*A/N:\*\***Merry-whatever-the-hell-you-celebrate-if-you-celebrate-at-all, everyone. Also, (I) is a bit of a continuation on Set Ten's (VI), you know, the one with the ghost sex talk.

> Also, I, um, sort of lost track of time dealing with family and, um, watching a documentary on TV. So, as such, I'll be posting up the rest of what I was originally intending to upload today tomorrow.<br>

**\*\*Genre: \*\***General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Donut/Grif, Sister/Tex, Church/Donut; II. Donut/?/Sister; III. None; IV. Grif/ Simmons, Sister/Doc, Donut/Tucker, Donut/Tucker/Church; V. Grif/Simmons, Sarge/Tex, Donut/Tucker/Sister, Donut and Sister/A row of cute boys; VI. Tex, Donut, Sister, and just about all the guys

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, cursing, talk of sex toys, mentions of sex, allusions to sex, mentions of threesomes, underage drinking, and general teenagerness.

School Days Haze  
> (Set Eleven)<p>

(I)

"I mean, it's not fair if I have Grif, 'cause you can't fuck him," Donut said as they walked down the hall.

"Well, I don't mind," Kerry told him. "Look at it like this; you can have my brother, and I'll have all the girls."

"That's a good compromise," the blonde agreed.

"And speaking of girls, there's Tex."

The two Juniors went over to said girl, who was at her locker with

Church.

"Hey, Tex," Donut greeted. She didn't respond.

"When I'm dead, you should come visit the stage sometime," Kerry suggested flirtatiously. Tex looked at the younger girl, eyebrow raised quizzically.

"Why would I do that?"

"I'll make it worth your while," Kerry promised, winking a hazel eye at her. She and Donut turned and resumed their walk to class.

"What the hell was that?" Tex asked, bewildered as she watched the younger girl leave.

"Oh, you can guess," Church said cryptically. He wore a knowing smirk.

"Yeah, and I don't think I like it."

"You were interested."

"I'm \_straight,\_" Tex reminded.

"She said while simultaneously checking out Kerry's ass."

"And you're staring at Donut's, so shut the hell up before I make you a eunuch."

(II)

"It's decided; me and Donut are gonna get married," Kerry announced. Grif looked at her.

"You're telling me that you, a female, are marrying a gay guy?" he questioned slowly.

"Yup," the two confirmed.

"I completely approve of this," he told them happily.

"See, we're getting married for the benefits," Donut told him.

"Then, we'll just sleep around."

"I'm not liking this as much, anymore," Grif mumbled, frowning.

"And we both promise to bring home all the really cute guys," the blonde continued.

"Of course, I'll keep all the girls to myself since Donut doesn't swing that way," Kerry added.

"Girls are yucky," the boy said, face contorting into a look of disgust. As an after thought he added, "No offense."

"None taken. You just have to get the really masculine chicks."

"I could only ever do it with a girl if she had a strap-on," Donut commented.

"Same here," Kerry agreed.

"You both ruined what could have been great news for me," Grif told the two. They weren't listening.

(III)

"Grif, no. No way am I getting in there," Simmons said stubbornly.

"Oh, come on. You have to eventually," the brunette told him.

"No I don't," he argued. "It's a free country, after all."

"Listen, just make this easier on yourself and get in the damn pool."

"Hell no! Not until I'm dead and hell's a frozen landscape."

"Goddamn it," Grif sighed in exasperation.

He swam over to the edge of the pool and looked past at Simmons. Suddenly, he smirked in a way the freckled teen did not trust one bit.

"One last chance to do it yourself, Simmons," Grif warned.

"I'm not-"

Simmons didn't get to finish his sentence as Donut tip-toed up behind him. The blonde positioned his hands so they were almost touching Simmons' bare lower back. Then he pushed with all his might.

Before he knew what had happened, Simmons found himself suddenly immersed in water. His green eyes shut instantly and his limbs flailed around in a desperate attempt to make himself float. He tried to shout for help, yet only succeeded in getting his mouth full of water.

Then, a hand grabbed his wrist and pulled him back to the surface.

Simmons gasped, then sputtered and tried to spit out the water as he rubbed his eyes madly. It was a long minute until Simmons could crack them open and glare at the other two. It took even longer for him to regain his speech.

"See? It wasn't that bad," Grif said, grinning. Crouched down behind him at the pool's edge, Donut snickered.

"When Iâ€|haveâ€|enough energy," Simmons panted, "Iâ€|am gonnaâ€|drownâ€|you guys."

(IV)

"Guess what, Donut," Kerry rhymed, coming over to the blonde and



putting an arm around his shoulders.

"Huh?"

"We're sluts," she told him smiling.

"No duh," he replied with an eye roll. "How'd it get brought up this time?"

"Simmons said something about it 'running in the family'."

"Had another fight with Grif?" the boy assumed.

"Nothing new-just Grif cheating," she confirmed.

"Simmons should just put a leash on him."

"The guy's probably masochistic," Kerry mused. "That's why he keeps coming back for more."

"Ooh, you know what would really solve everything?" Donut suddenly asked, having reached an epiphany.

"Huh?"

"If Grif just brought the guy he's seeing on the side home to Simmons, and they could have a threesome."

"Hey, that's a great idea!" Kerry agreed enthusiastically. "Adultery is fine by me as long as people share."

"Sharing is caring, after all."

The two Juniors spotted Tucker, Church, and Doc not too far off. Coming over to the group, they wore bright smiles on their faces.

"Doc, if you ever want to have sex with someone who's not me, then I'm fine with it as long as I can watch and-or join in," the girl said.

"Same for you, Tucker," Donut told him.

Whereas Doc blinked rapidly, taken aback, Tucker grinned.

"Really? Hey, Churchâ€|"

"Are we expecting me to say no?"

(V)

"You know what I deserve for Christmas?" Donut asked, sitting down at the table. "A row of cute boys with ribbons tied on them for me to unwrap like presents."

"Talk about stocking stuffers," Kerry commented.

"Donut, I'm trying to eat my lunch. Could we \_not \_talk about naked men?" Simmons requested.

"Who said anything about being naked?" Grif asked. "That's only what \_you're\_imagining."

"Grifâ€|"

"If you want, Simmons, I'll be \_your \_X-mas present," the brunette offered. Said boy groaned, burying his head in his hands to hide his flushed cheeks.

"Seriously, guys, I deserve my own holiday harem," Donut continued. Kerry nodded.

"You and me both. We've been pretty good this year."

"Exactly. I mean, sure, we \_did \_spread that-entirely true-gossip about Brittany cheating on Bradley with Lucas, but other than that we've been down-right angels."

"Wait, didn't you two scratch Church's car and blame Tex?" Tucker asked.

"That was you two!" Church exclaimed.

"Oh, right. Forgot about that one," Donut mumbled.

"But those are, like, the only bad things we did."

"On the contrary," Sheila spoke up. "You two stole our math teacher's classroom keys and snuck back in with Tucker later that night."

"You what!" Grif yelled, mouth agape.

"Ah, the follies of youth," Donut brushed off.

"Hey, I remember that night. Vaguely," Tucker said. "Heh, we were pretty damn wasted."

"Underage drinking, another mark on the naughty tally," Simmons told them. The two shrugged.

"Happens all the time in this day and age," Kerry pointed out. "Nothing new, no harm done."

"Besides, we returned the keys." Under his breath he muttered, "After making copies, of course."

"What about when you stole the principal's wig?" Church asked. "You dyed it pink." They rolled their eyes.

"Please, we did her a favor."

"Not to mention the time you pinched this girl and blamed it on someone else," Church added.

"Childhood indiscretions," Kerry explained. "Besides, they were trying to steal our boyfriends."

"Didn't you dump them afterwards?" Sheila asked. In response she received two off-handed affirmative nods.

"What about when you took Simmons' glasses and somehow used the sun to set your assignment on fire during class?" Tucker recalled.

"You took my glasses? Well, that explains the scorch marks," the freckled teen mused.

"Hey, you have to admit that that was pretty damn entertaining," Donut said.

"Sure livened up that boring old lecture," Kerry added with a grin.

"Also, for something more recent, you â€"somehow\_\_\*\*- \*\*\_rigged the school security cameras so there was a blind spot. That you told Sarge and Tex about," Church reminded.

"Oh, so that's where they've been all this time," Sheila realized.

"That was our good deed for the day," Donut defended.

"Plus, it stopped them from killing us for the whole apple-sauce-dog incident."

"The \_what?"\_ Church asked, flabbergasted.

"Long story."

"Regardless," Grif told them, "you two are \_far \_from good."

"Fine," Kerry said, giving in. "Then the hot boys can treat us like naughty kids."

"Either way, we get awesome X-mas presents."

"'Sides, it sounds even funner the naughty way."

(VI)

"Tex, out of all the guys here, which would you prefer to have sex with?" Donut asked the older girl. He and Kerry looked at her expectedly.

"I've already \_had\_most of these boys," she pointed out.

"So have we," Kerry said.

"Just choose, even if you've already had that dog's bone."

"Fine."

She looked around the hallway as if browsing for furniture. After a minute of consideration she decided, "Sarge."

"Good choice," Donut complimented. "I'd choose Caboose, myself." Kerry rolled her hazel eyes.

"That's because you're way into muscular guys. Not that those two aren't' nice, but I'd like a taste of Doc."

"Why?" Tex questioned incredulously. It was Donut's turn to roll his blue eyes.

"She's way into the sensitive guys," the blonde answered for her.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," Donut quickly assured. "I just prefer my men to have huge biceps."

"But have you seen Doc's legs? He is in track, after all."

"Ooh, you're right. I never thought of that." Tex rolled \_her \_gun smoke eyes now.

"Are you two done yet?"

"Hold on, we've got more questions," Kerry told her. "Who would you want a threesome with?"

"Church and Sarge," she answered with little thought. "Wait, anything goes?" They nodded. "Church and Sarge."

"That sounds fun," the blonde commented. "Church and Caboose, for me."

"I think my first choice would actually have to be Simmons and Tucker," Kerry said. The other two looked at her oddly.

"Why them?" Tex questioned.

"That's not exactly a pair that goes together."

"Hey, I, for one, think that'd be hot," Kerry huffed. "'Sides, I've seen how hung Tucker is, and Simmons without a shirt is \_hot\_."

"Ooh, I think I like that combo," Donut agreed.

"I think I'd rather have Tucker and Church," Tex said.

"Also a good choice."

"What do you think of Sarge and Simmons?" Kerry tried. Donut nodded approvingly. Tex couldn't help but mule it over in her mind.

"You know what I suggest, though?" the blonde asked. The others looked at him, waiting for the boy to continue. "An orgy of us, Doc, Sarge, Church, Tucker, Caboose, and Simmons. I'd include Grif, but it might get kind of awkward considering you're his sister and all."

"Donut, you're a genius!" the younger girl exclaimed.

"Mmâ€|Yeah, I think I could get behind that idea," Tex agreed.

"I'd rather be in the middle of that," Kerry said. The others nodded.

## 12. Set Twelve

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Hi, all. So, here's more School Days Haze. (I) and (VI) are related, and dedicated to everyone who loves cats.

> <strong>Genre: <strong>General/Humor

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>I. Wyoming/O'Malley (you read me); II. Slight-ish Tucker/Doc; III. Tex/Sister, Church/Tucker/Caboose, slight Caboose/Sheila, Sheila/Tex/Sis; IV. Sarge/ Simmons; V. None; VI. Wyoming/O'Malley, Grif/Simmons, Delta/York, Sheila/Lopez, Andy/Gary

> <strong>Rating: <strong>PG-13/T

> <strong>Summary: <strong>High School: The Oddest Frontier.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Slash, het, cursing, mentions of/allusions to sex, cats and kitties, pizza, threats, blackmail, pictures, the stork, defacing school property, fake babies, biological clocks, horror movies, other movies, making-out, taste buds, and snakes.

School Days Haze

> (Set Twelve)<p>

"Tex, how badly do you want kittens?"

The girl in question raised an eyebrow warily at the underclassman. Caboose, Donut, and Kerry all looked at her in such hopeful way that Tex thought she was going to be sick.

"Why?" she asked finally.

"Because Wyoming's in heat," the younger girl explained, holding out her white cat. It simply licked its paw.

"Uh-huh. And you want him toâ€¦"

"Have kitty-sex with O'Malley," Donut supplied eagerly.

"Then the stork will bring us a litter of baby kitties!" Caboose added innocently. Tex sighed.

"Why do you think I'd\_ let\_ our cats mate?"

"Because you love us?" Kerry tried, batting her eyelashes.

"No."

"Because more cats would piss off Church?" Donut offered.

"That one, yeah. Okay, sure; we can try and get our cats to fuck," Tex agreed. There was a chorus of cheers.

"Yes! Ooh, I can't wait to have more cats!"

"An' when they're old 'nuff, we get one, too, right?" Caboose asked.

"Course; Grif'd never let me keep them all," Kerry assured. "He doesn't even like Wyoming." Mentioned cat mewed.

"I hate to break your bubbles," Tex interjected, tone indicating that, no, she really didn't. "But I don't even know if O'Malley can get pregnant."

"What!" Donut exclaimed.

"You had her neutered?" Kerry asked, appalled at the very thought.

"No. I mean, I don't even know O'Malley's gender."

"How do you not know?"

"Because the little son of a bitch will scratch anyone who tries to look," she explained.

"Maybe she is just shy," Caboose suggested.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Kerry said with determination. As she set Wyoming down she ordered, "Go find O'Malley and have kitty-sex!"

"Mrowl." With that, the cat wandered off, flicking its tail at the humans.

"Yes! Go out into the world and become a father! Good kitty."

Tex groaned, a hand covering her face as though in defense from the mental assaulting the others were inflicting her with.

"Why are you three even in my house?"

(II)

"Okay, and the last pair, is, obviously considering there are only two of you left, Tucker and Doc," Pillows said.

"But, my name is Frankâ€|" the brunet mumbled. As usual, he went ignored.

"Now, get with your partner and I'll pass out the babies," the teacher instructed.

Doc (oh, great- even he was calling himself that now) gathered his things and went over to sit next to Tucker. The other boy was drawing a crude stick-figure on the desk.

"That's school property," Doc pointed out.

"Man, I do not want to do this with you," Tucker complained, abandoning his doodle and leaning back in his chair.

"It could have been worse- you could have been paired up with Caboose," he reminded. (Not that he didn't like the guy, it was just that he was a teensy bitâ€|incompetent.) The other boy considered this for minute before sighing heavily.

Pillows came over at that moment and handed Tucker a plastic infant, its dark and unseeing eyes open, staring straight at him. It fuckin'

creeped him out.

"Congratulations, it's a boy," she told them with a smirk.

"Joy," Tucker muttered, holding the thing up by a leg.

Pillows went back to the front of the room. As she began to describe how they'd be graded, the mocha skinned boy tuned her out, opting instead to glare down at the fake baby.

"Dude, I'm not the mother," he told Doc after a minute.

"What should we name him?" Doc asked, overlooking the fact that that meant he was the mother.

"We could name him Francis for all I care, just take the damn thing away from me."

He thrust the faux child into the other teen's arms roughly. Doc carefully positioned it as though the plastic was alive, holding it like one would a real infant.

"Be more gently," he chided. "We'll name him Junior; he sort of looks like you."

"What?" Tucker raised his eyebrow at Doc. "Dude, it's a doll," he pointed out. Doc wasn't paying attention as he stared down lovingly at their child.

"Man, your biological clock is ticking, isn't it?"

(III)

They were at Church's house, watching some horror flick. Caboose and Kerry made little whimpers and sounds of fright every now and then, sometimes clinging onto Sheila and Tex respectively. Between those two pairs sat Church and Tucker, former with the popcorn bowl.

"Tucker, it's your turn to make the popcorn," Church told him, handing the other boy the empty bowl.

"Hell no, dude. Do it yourself; the movie's just getting good!" he protested.

"Before this escalates and ruins the movie, I'm going to end this discussion now. Tucker, go. Get. More. Popcorn," Tex ordered, voice low and menacing.

"Do I have a choice?" Everyone else shook their heads.  
"Fuckberries."

Tucker got up begrudgingly, going to the kitchen. Caboose followed him a second later, having run out of orange juice.

"Get me some whipped cream," Kerry requested before the boy was out of earshot.

"Okay."

Tex turned to the younger girl, eyebrow cocked quizzically.

"It tastes really good on popcorn," she said, answering the unasked question.

No one said anything to the girl's strange tastes, instead turning back to the movie.

On the screen, a dark figure crept up on a lone, unsuspecting woman; Kerry latched onto Tex's waist. The dark figure was right up behind her, too silent and stealthy for the woman to notice; Kerry's grip tightened as she leaned in closer to the older girl. The knife raised; her heart skipped a beat. The knife came down, the woman screamed, and Kerry screamed right along with her.

"Jesus Christ!" Church exclaimed, clutching his head. "I think my eardrums burst."

"I think she came close to breaking the sound barrier," Sheila speculated. Tex glared at them both.

"You try sitting next to her," she challenged.

"You're all mean," the younger girl pouted, still not having let go of Tex.

They went back to watching the movie. The killer was again sneaking up on some poor guy who didn't know what was coming; Tex swore she heard something behind them. The killer's knife rose into the air; Tex caught a reflection of a person on the television screen. The knife came down, and Tex jumped up.

She swung around quickly, hands up in a defensive position. All heads snapped in her direction, Tucker and Caboose reeling backwards and falling to the floor, the latter on top of the older boy. Popcorn and whipped cream flew everywhere, getting all over the two boys.

"It's us, Tex! You don't want to kill us!" Tucker yelled, eyes wide in fright. "Er, let me rephrase that. It's us, please don't kill us."

Tex relaxed her stance, rolling her eyes as though it was all their faults.

"You two are pathetic." She ignored Kerry and Sheila's giggles.

"I am covered in sticky stuff," Caboose complained. He stared to lick it off his fingers.

Church watched him, getting flustered and, ahem, tight in certain places. He stood up abruptly and began to walk out of the room stiffly.

"Er, I, uh, need to goâ€¦take care of something," he muttered in excuse. A beat passed.

"Caboose, get the fuck offa me," Tucker ordered, pushing the other boy roughly.

"Ow! You just had to ask nicelyâ€¦"



"Both of you shut up so we can watch the damn movie," Tex snapped, sitting back down.

"Aww, you're cute when you act all tough," Kerry told her with a laugh. Tex fixed a fruitless glare on the impervious girl.

Tucker and Caboose returned to the couch, regardless that they were soaked in their snacks; they really didn't want to get up and make more.

Everyone started watching the movie once more. One of the characters placed a light kiss on another's lips; Kerry leaned over and did the same to Tex. The other kissed back; Tex did, as well. One pushed the smaller character down; Tex was now straddling Kerry, smirking as the younger girl writhed underneath her.

Tucker, Caboose, and Sheila's movie concentration was efficiently broken.

"Oh, myâ€¦"

"Um, Tex? Could you stop eating Kerry's lips on the couch?" Caboose requested. "I'm tryin' ta watch the movie."

"Caboose, shut the hell up! If two hot chicks want to make-out on the couch next to me, then they can go right ahead," Tucker said. "It's a free country, after all. Bow-chicka-bow-wow."

A minute, in which Tex and Kerry made-out nonstop, passed before Church finally came back into the room. His bangs were matted to his forehead from sweat and he seemed slightly out of breath.

"Hey, I'm back. What'd Iâ€¦|missâ€¦|?" he trailed off.

Church gulped at the site he'd walked into. "I, erm, still have something to take care of," he muttered before promptly turning and going the way he'd come.

"I think I'll go help him," Tucker decided. As he rose he pulled Caboose up with him. "Why don't you come \_help\_, too?"

"Um, okay," Caboose agreed cluelessly. "Wanna come, too, Sheila?"

"Er, I'm quite fine, thank you," she declined.

The boys left. The movie was at its climax, though no one was paying attention anymore. Tex and Kerry were still going at it, and Sheila couldn't help but watch.

(IV)

"I vote we watch a zombie movie," Grif said. There was a chorus of groans.

"Grif, no. Just, no," Simmons told him in exasperation.

"I wanna watch a romance," Donut told them.

"Oh, hell no!" Grif was quick to put down.

"We should watch an action movie; maybe it'll make ya all into less of pansies," Sarge suggested snidely.

"How about a science-fiction movie? I know this good one-"

"Bullshit, you nerd; there are no good sci-fi movies," Grif interjected.

"Fuck you, cockbite! You just don't know quality."

"Guys, I still say we should watch a romance," Donut said. "There's this one where-"

"Does it have 'mountain' in the title?" Grif asked.

"Yeah."

"No," the others all said in unison. The blonde crossed his arms in a pout.

Lopez came into the room, freshly popped popcorn in a large red bowl. He stood behind the couch next to Donut, noticing that they were all arguing.

"Pendejos still haven't chosen a movie?" he asked.

"They're disagreeable jerks who won't give new things a try," the younger boy huffed in response.

Suddenly, Simmons turned to Lopez, decided to bring him into the discussion. "What do you want to watch?"

"Oh, no," Grif said before the other teen could reply. "I know what this is- you Mexicans are just trying to gang up so you can watch what you want."

"I'm not Mexican, you goddamn cockbite!" Simmons snapped, hitting the brunette upside the head.

"Ow! Fuck, you didn't have to hit me."

"Yes, I did," he contradicted.

"Whatever; zombie movies are still the best," Grif said with finality.

"They suck," Simmons denied. For a minute, all the other boy could do was stare at him, mouth agape.

"Howâ€¦how could you say a thing like that?"

"Because it's true," Simmons told him stubbornly. "They're boring and pointless."

"How un-zombie-cultured you are," Grif scoffed. Simmons rolled his green eyes.

A devious smirk spread across the brunette's face as he picked up the remote. He turned it on and flipped the channels.

Finding what he wanted Grif said, "There we go, Simmons, something for you to enjoy; a snake documentary."

Simmons stared at the screen for exactly six seconds; that was when the snake hissed and lunged straight at the screen. Green eyes rolled to the back of his head, and Simmons was out cold.

"Holy hell, he actually fainted," Grif said incredulously, still grinning.

"This is the third movie night in a row that's been ruined," Donut noted dryly. "Congratulations."

"An' all because of Grif," Sarge added. "Jus' like ev'ry other time."

"Hey, last time it was Donut's fault for letting me near those matches. Besides, Sarge, look at the bright side. At least now Simmons will be clinging onto you no matter what movie we watch when he wakes up," Grif pointed out. The redhead considered this, expression turning to one of slight admiration.

"This might be th' only smart thing ya've ever done."

"Yeah, I'm great. You basically have to agree to my zombie movie now."

(V)

"Jesus fucking Christ, it's pizza!" Church yelled. "I think I know how to fuckin' warm up a pizza!"

Tex rolled her gun smoke eyes, but didn't say anything. Caboose found silence to be the safest route, as well (though Tex was only silent because she really didn't care to bother). Tucker, on the other hand, just had to open his mouth.

"Yeah, it's just pizza," he agreed, "but you suck in the kitchen." They were all pretty sure a vein popped in Church's forehead.

The smaller teen's eyes shut momentarily as he took several deep breaths. He reopened them and, as calmly as he could, explained, "All I have to do is put the goddamn pizza in the oven, then take it out after fifteen fucking minutes. It's. Not. That. Difficult."

"If you say so," Tucker conceded, backing down. "Make the pizza yourself then."

"I will, because I'm not fucking incompetent."

"Whatever you say, Church," Tex interjected before the conversation could further. She dragged the other two into the living room.

Church, resisting the urge to snap and kill everyone, preheated the oven. After going to the freezer and taking out the frozen pizza, he took it out of the box and struggled to get the damned difficult

plastic open.

"You know you have to take the plastic off, right?" Tucker called out from the other room.

"Even\_ I\_ know that!" Caboose chirped up. Church growled something incomprehensible under his breath.

"I will suffocate you both with the fucking plastic in a minute!" he threatened.

Then, he, finally, accomplished that task and waited for the oven to reach the temperature he needed. When it did, he put some tin foil on the cookie sheet, put the pizza on that, and slid it into the oven.

Church less-than-patiently waited again, enduring the comments coming from the others. When fifteen minutes had passed, he called out, "Pizza's done! You bastards." He took the pizza out as they came back in.

"It looksâ€|not good," Caboose commented upon seeing it.

"Go to hell."

"No, he's right," Tex agreed. "It seems soggy. What the hell did you do to it?"

"I fuckin' followed the directions on the goddamn box."

"Dude, you don't put tin foil underneath pizza," Tucker told him.

"Well why the hell not?" Church demanded.

"Because it makes the pizza-"

"Soggy," Tex interjected. "It makes the pizza soggy. Weren't you trying to prove that you \_aren't\_ a complete moron?"

"Just shut up and eat the goddamn pizza," Church growled.

"Hell no. that's way too-" Tucker began.

"I swear, if you say-"

"-Soggy for me."

"I'm gonna kill you guys with a spatula."

"Then you'd be like a housewife!" Caboose told him with a wide smile.

"Yeah," Tex agreed. "A bad one."

(VI)

"I fuckin' hate cats," Grif growled, glaring at all the scampering felines.

"But they're so\_ cute\_!" Kerry gushed, picking up a small brown kitten. "I'm gonna name you Lopez."

"Ooh! Can I have this one?" Caboose asked, holding up a mewling smoky gray kitten.

"Sure."

"Yay! Oh, I am going to name her Sheila."

"Aww, that name's adorable," Donut said. "I'm naming mine Andy."

"Where is your kitty?" Kerry asked.

"Huh?" the blonde looked around, spotting the young feline. "Oh, he's playing with Gary." The two calico cats were hissing and spitting at each other, trying to claw the other's eyes out.

"You can have Gary, too, if you want," Tex offered, not wanting to keep many of the cats herself.

"Really? You're the best!" the blonde gushed, hugging the older girl.

"Yeah, yeah. Now get the fuck off of me."

"What are you gonna name your new kitties?" Caboose asked.

"I don't care. I don't even \_want\_ them. I just agreed to get O'Malley pregnant to get you all to shut up."

"Then can I have another one?" Kerry asked.

"Sure."

"No!" Grif yelled.

"Hey, bro, remember that picture I have of you and Church?"

"â€|So, what are you gonna call this one?" Simmons raised an eyebrow.

"What picture?" he demanded.

"Not important," Grif brushed off. "So, the cat's name?"

"Grif," the freckled boy said warningly.

"Hm. I want this one," Kerry decided, picking up a small light gray kitten. It started to meow piteously, eyes looking down at one of his brothers. This one was a darker gray with a black circle around its left eye. "Aww, they don't want to be separated."

"Then take them both," Tex told her.

"Really? You're awesome!"

"Yeah, I am. Oh, don't-" Kerry threw her arms around the older girl, "-hug me. Let go now." She did, after giving a quick squeeze.

"I think this one will be Delta and this one York."

"Catsâ€¦|So many cats," Grif muttered, eye twitching.

"Tell me what the goddamn picture's of," Simmons ordered his boyfriend. When he didn't get a response, he turned to Tex.

"Mind if I take a cat?"

"Knock yourself out."

Simmons looked around for the only remaining kitten; it was a bit larger than its siblings, fur a bit of a rustic red. The boy went over to it, gently picking the kitten up.

"Would you like to go home with me to piss Grif off?" Simmons asked, beginning to stroke the cat who, it turned out, was male.

The kitten began to purr as Simmons went back over and sat down next to Grif. Presenting the cat to the older boy he said, "Meet Sarge."

"I hate you, cat." Sarge hissed at him. "Oh, yeah, I bet we're gonna be best friends," he muttered dryly.

"Hm. I think I like Sarge already."

"Well, the cat deal is settled," Tex said, standing up. "Hey, where's Wyoming and O'Malley?"

"Them? I saw them having more kitty-sex upstairs," Caboose told her off-handedly, petting the purring Sheila.

"Oh, hell no. I'm not letting O'Malley have any more damn kids." Tex hurried up the stairs.

"Don't try and stop their love!" Donut called out after her.

"Cat love deserves our respect just as much as human love!" Kerry added.

"Can't she just ask the stork nicely to not bring any more kitty cats?" Caboose suggested innocently.

Grif, having gotten up and gone over to the stairs, yelled out, "Get O'Malley spayed!"

"No! Grif, that's evil," his sister berated.

"It's what's gonna happen to your little cats," he promised.

"Never! Remember who has blackmail on whom."

"Damn it."

"Besides, Delta and York have each other to mate with, and since they're both boys they won't get pregnant. Also, Lopez can just mate with Caboose's Sheila, and he can keep all those kitties," the girl compromised.

"Really? I can't wait until they're bigger, then!" Caboose exclaimed in excitement.

"Man, I hope Andy and Gary become kitty lovers, too," Donut said.

"I can't wait until Sarge finds a girl cat one day and has a litter of his own." Simmons smirked as mentioned cat and Grif glared at each other.

"I hope she eats his kids," the brunette mumbled, going back over to his boyfriend.

"They're not dogs."

"God, I really hate cats." Sarge swiped at Grif, barely missing as the boy recoiled.

"They hate you right back," Simmons laughed.

End  
file.